Season's Greetings From

MAD

IND

No. 92 Jan '65

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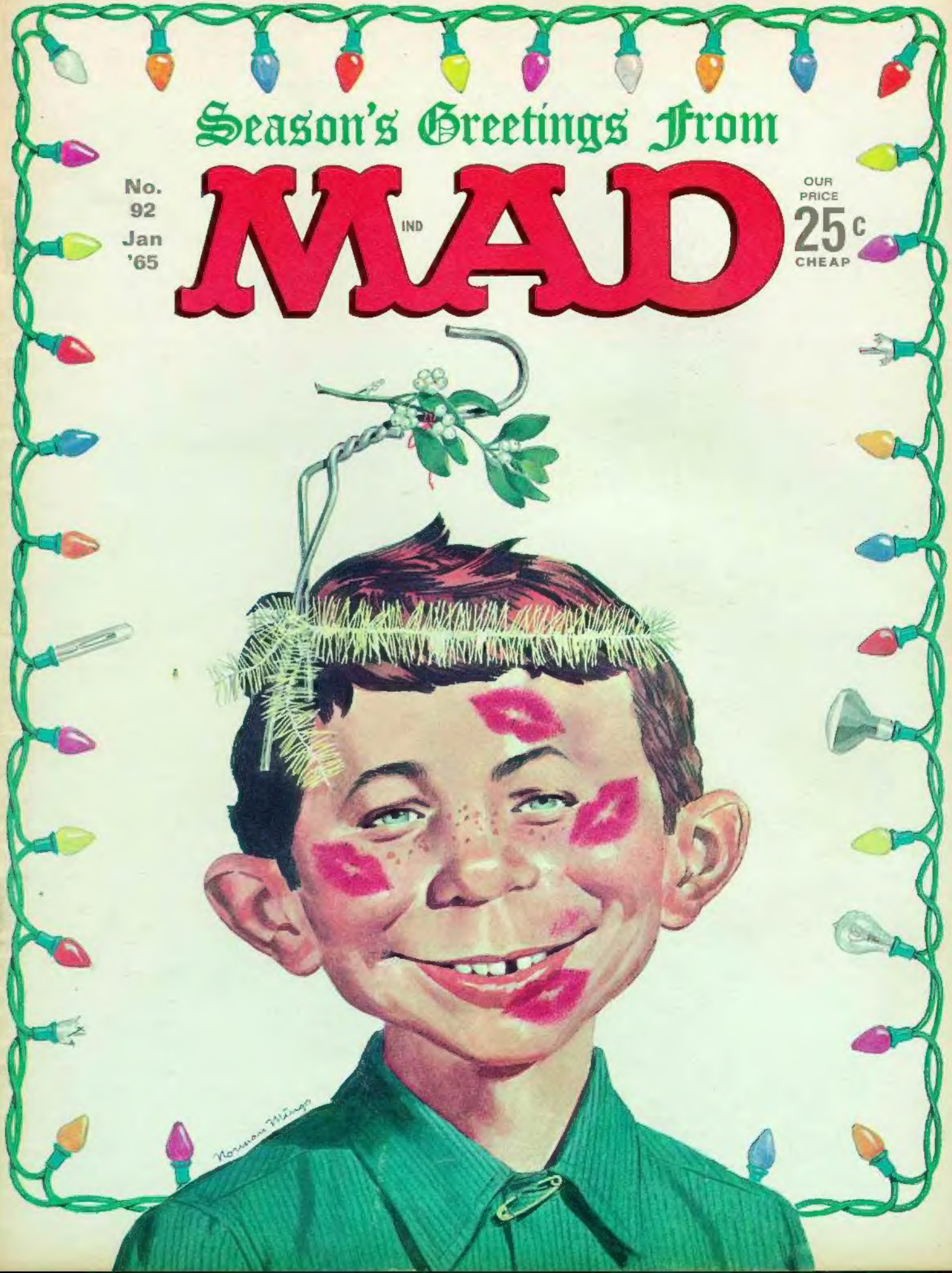

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NUMBER 92 JANUARY 1965

MAD

"If you want to know what it's going to be like being married to your girl, just watch how she treats her little brother!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*
JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY DE FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
MARTIN J. SCHEIMAN *lawsuits* RICHARD BERNSTEIN *publicity*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, NELSON TIRADO *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

DEPARTMENTS

AVON CALLING DEPARTMENT
Shakespeare Up-To-Date 15
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
The Lighter Side Of Adult Parties 36
CURRENT EVENTS DEPARTMENT
Everyday Olympic Games 26
DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT
"The Accident" 13
"In A Department Store" 29
"A Visit To The Country" 47
FEATHERING ROBBINS' NEST DEPARTMENT
The Carpetsweepers 5
IMPRESS YOUR FRIENDS DEPARTMENT
Neighborhood Celebrities 34
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
Spy Vs. Spy 20, 33
Spy Vs. Spy Vs. Spy 40
LETTERS DEPARTMENT
Random Samplings Of Reader Mail 2
MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
Drawn-Out Dramas ..... **
MISHAP-PY HOLIDAY DEPARTMENT
MAD Safety Council's Predictions (Christmas Week-End) 4
MAD Safety Council's Predictions (New Year's Week-End) .. 48
SEND-A-MENTAL DEPARTMENT
Get Well Cards For People With Emotional Ailments 30
SHAM-POOH DEPARTMENT
Phony Magazine 41
TALK OF THE TOWNS DEPARTMENT
The Sights And Sounds Of The U.S.A. (Chicago) 24
THE SWINGING DOERS DEPARTMENT
The MAD "In" And "Out" Book 10
TUNES OF GORY DEPARTMENT
Up-To-Date Safety Songs For Children 21
'TWAS THE NOTE BEFORE CHRISTMAS DEPARTMENT
Letters From Santa 18
**Various Places Around The Magazine

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VITAL FEATURES

THE CARPETSWEEPERS or "Who Cleaned Up All The Dirt?" Pg. 5

THE MAD "IN" AND "OUT" BOOK Pg. 10

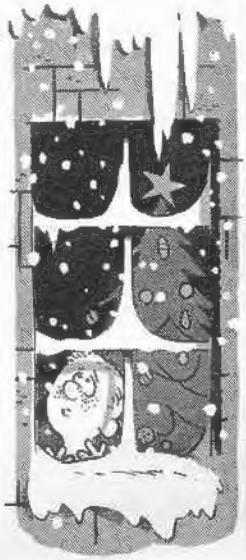
SHAKESPEARE UP TO DATE Pg. 15

UP TO DATE SAFETY SONGS Pg. 21

GET WELL CARDS FOR PEOPLE WITH EMOTIONAL AILMENTS Pg. 30

PHONY MAGAZINE Pg. 41

STUCK FOR A Christmas Gift IDEA?



GIVE A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION TO MAD

We'll send a cheery Christmas Gift Announcement telling whom to blame!

LETTERS DEPT.

BEATLES PLUG MAD

I thought you might be interested to know that in the Beatles' great movie, "A Hard Day's Night," the group's general helper, Shake, is seen reading "Son Of MAD".

Lauri De Vault
Sierra Madre, Calif.

I noticed that your rubbish got a great plug in the recent Beatle movie. In fact, it got the biggest laugh of the whole show.

Danny Abbott
Greenfield, Tenn.

MAD Scene in "A Hard Day's Night"

A picture of Beatle John Lennon's bedroom was published in a recent magazine article, and there, propped up on his window sill for all the world to see, was a MAD paperback book. Incidentally, your "Blecch" ad was a scream.

Donna Wagoner
Chalmette, La.

BLECCH AD

I must say "Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!" to your fantastic back cover ad satire in issue #90. It was the funniest you've ever run. Even ardent Beatle fans (or for that matter, Breck fans) will have to admit to your genius. Congratulations.

Mark Bernhard
Altadena, Calif.

Your October issue (#90) made me the world's happiest Beatlemaniac, mainly because my boy Ringo glorified your back cover. My congratulations to your artist on this fantastic portrait. It is magnificent. I plan to frame it and take it with me to college this fall.

Mimi McGinnis
Narberth, Pa.

I hang around our local radio station, and when one of the announcers was doing the news, I flashed that picture of Ringo in front of him and he couldn't go any further. He really broke up. He's been a D.J. for 6 years, and it's the first time that has happened to him.

Charles King
Belpre, Ohio

Your Blecch Shampoo ad using Ringo (Yeah!) was magnificent. Your satire is to be commended (and it will be if the Beatlemaniacs with no sense of humor don't ride you out of the country on a rail or stone your office!).

Sanda Spiegel
Reseda, Calif.

My mother is a hairdresser, and when she saw the Blecch ad, she laughed for an hour.

Julie Seremeth
Greenfield, Mass.

SOFT-IN-THE-HEAD SELL

I just wanted to thank you for the polite postcard you sent me, your single reminder that my subscription had expired. It was a welcome change from the usual notices from other magazines that arrive every month and keep tabs on the duration of their subscriptions. One of the nicer things about MAD is its refusal to hard-sell any of its products including itself.

Carole Nadelman
Medford, Massachusetts

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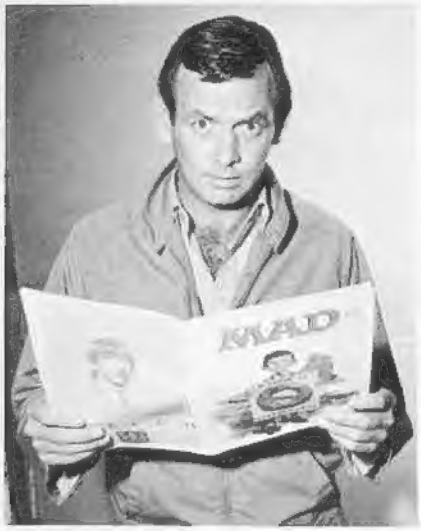
THE FUGITIVE'S KIND



MAD is escape-proof! I even read it on the run!

David Janssen
Hollywood, Calif.

NOBODY WROTE

Do you clods actually expect us, your readers, to believe that not a single person wrote a single letter for your Letters Department? Surely a magazine so capable of invoking criticism received at least enough scorchers to fill them two blank pages.

Edward J. Merkner
Chicora, Penn.

I can't stand your nauseating art work, your idiotic ideas, your infantile humor, or your disgusting magazine. But since you got no letters last month, I thought I'd write to cheer you up.

Patti Johnson
Palm Springs, Fla.

As a faithful and devoted reader, I was pleased to see the blank "Letters Dept." of MAD #90. Mainly, I could see that you'd reprinted all the intelligent and complimentary letters you'd received.

Bradley Strickland
New Holland, Ga.

Let's have more "Nobody Wrote" Letter Departments.

Joel Albert
San Antonio, Texas

FACING THE MUSIC

I am writing concerning your recent article "MAD's Teenage Idol Promoter Of The Year". It proved itself to be a true expose of the sad state of affairs concerning teenage idols and their managers. Perhaps your teenage readers, of which I am one, will wise up and see that they are being patsied by these money-grabbing materialists.

John G. Bosco
Jamaica, N. Y.

The piece on Teenage Idol Promoters was beyond words . . . truly funny!

Jeff Patton
Canton, Ohio

MAD IS EDUCATIONAL???

Do you realize that some people think your magazine is educational? Well, it's true. This opinion was voiced in the June 5th issue of "Medical World News" in an article entitled, "Teen-agers Speak Their Mind On Smoking," and I quote: "Noting that unattractive anti-smoking propaganda is no match for slick advertisements, the young people called for improved pamphlets and films aimed at a teen audience. The kind of satire identified with MAD Magazine should have a place in educational programs . . ."

Jonathan Fuchs
Brooklyn, N.Y.

GARBAGE-PICKER

Every time I'm down in the dumps, I read your magazine. Mainly, that's where I find it.

David Dauster
Abilene, Texas

EDITOR'S NOTE

An up-to-date supplement to **"The Complete MAD Checklist"**, which is an index to all articles, artists and writers in issues 65—88, has just reached our desk. This invaluable guide (profusely illustrated) for collectors of trivia is available for $1.00 from Fred von Bernewitz, 12006 Remington Drive, Silver Spring, Maryland. Those interested in the *original* **"MAD Checklist"** or his recent edition of the **"Complete E.C. Checklist"** may write for information. Thanks for a great job, Fred!

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 92, 850 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022

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☐ MAD Strikes Back
☐ Inside MAD
☐ Utterly MAD
☐ The Brothers MAD
☐ The Bedside MAD
☐ Son of MAD
☐ Like MAD
☐ The Ides of MAD
☐ The Organization MAD
☐ Fighting MAD
☐ The MAD Frontier
☐ The Voodoo MAD
☐ Greasy MAD Stuff
☐ Three-Ring MAD
☐ The Self-Made MAD
☐ Don Martin Steps Out
☐ Don Martin Bounces Back
☐ Dave Berg Looks At The U.S.A.

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☐ MAD In Orbit
FOR THIS ONE I ENCLOSE 35¢

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On Orders Outside the U.S.A. Add 10% Extra!

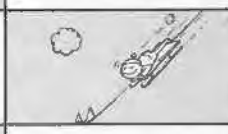
MISHAP-PY HOLIDAY DEPT. PART I

Here we go with our answer to the National Safety Council's predictions of how many people will be involved in what type major catastrophes. Mainly—

THE MAD SAFETY COUNCIL'S PREDICTIONS
For The Upcoming Christmas Weekend

(How many people will be involved in what-type minor Catastrophes)

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES WRITER: STAN HART

	◀ 1,700,000	◀ 1,800,000	◀ 1,900,000	◀ 2,000,000	◀ 2,100,000
Fathers who will have fits when they discover they must assemble toys they thought came completely assembled.					
Parents who will be heartbroken when their kid ignores that expensive toy and plays all day with the carton it came in.					
People who will go insane trying to find that one defective bulb that caused all the other lights on the tree to go out.					
College kids who will suffer the agonies of boredom fifteen minutes after they arrive home for the holidays.					
Department store Santa Clauses who will catch colds or worse from being kissed by drippy-nosed little kids.					
Kids who will be glad Santa got a cold or worse because he finked them with clothes or books or other useful gifts.					
Husbands who will be punched in the mouth for giving their wives a Lady's Electric Razor for Christmas.					
Secretaries who will be trapped into listening to Accountants tell Jokes at Office Parties.					
Kids who will be rushed to doctors after playing "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" with their new Chemistry sets.					
Kids who will get head injuries when they discover their Flexible Flyers aren't really very flexible.					
Three year olds who will be bitten by their new puppies.					
New puppies who will be bitten by three year olds.					

FEATHERING ROBBINS' NEST DEPT.

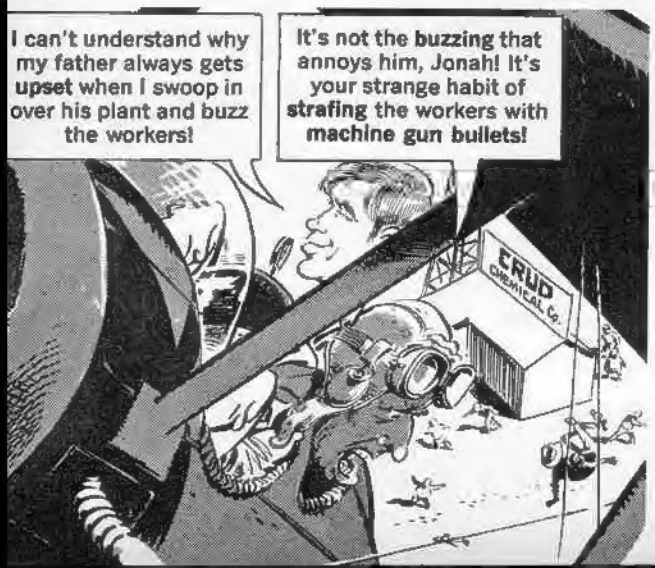
Hey, gang! Remember movie producer Joseph LeVenal (MAD #66)? You know—the guy who started out producing those terrible, cheaply-made, sensational color films like "Hercules"... and then went legit and began producing art films like "Two Women"? Well, guess what! He got homesick for the good old days...so he made:

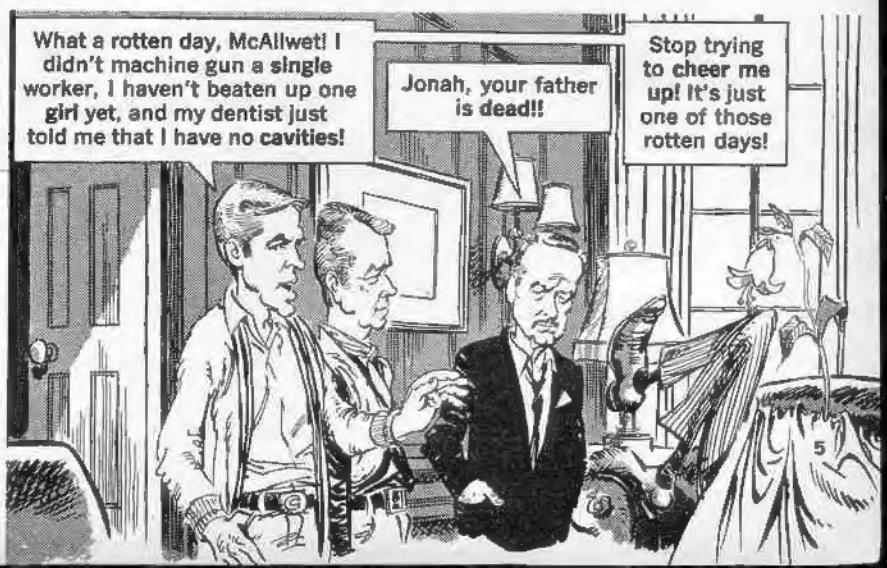
THE CARPETSWEEPERS

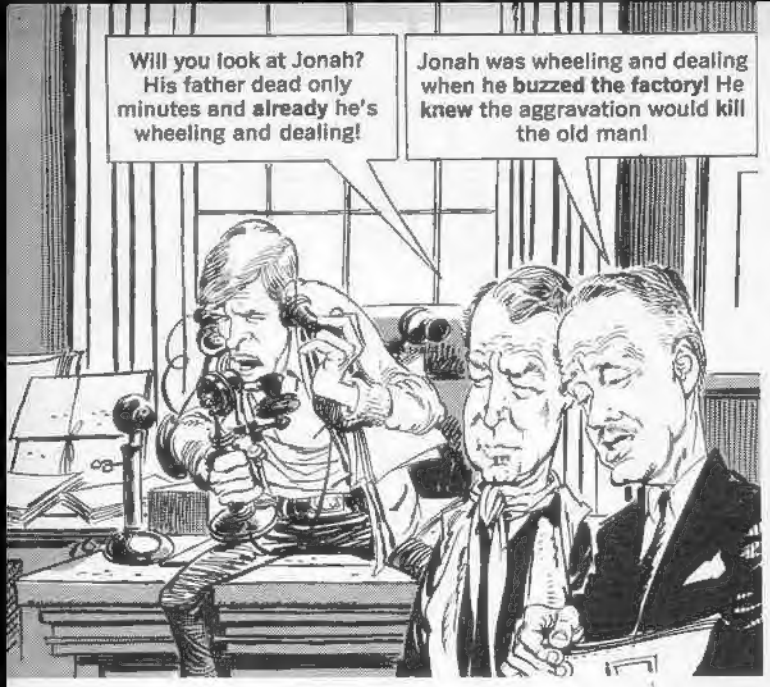
or "Who Cleaned Up All The Dirt?"

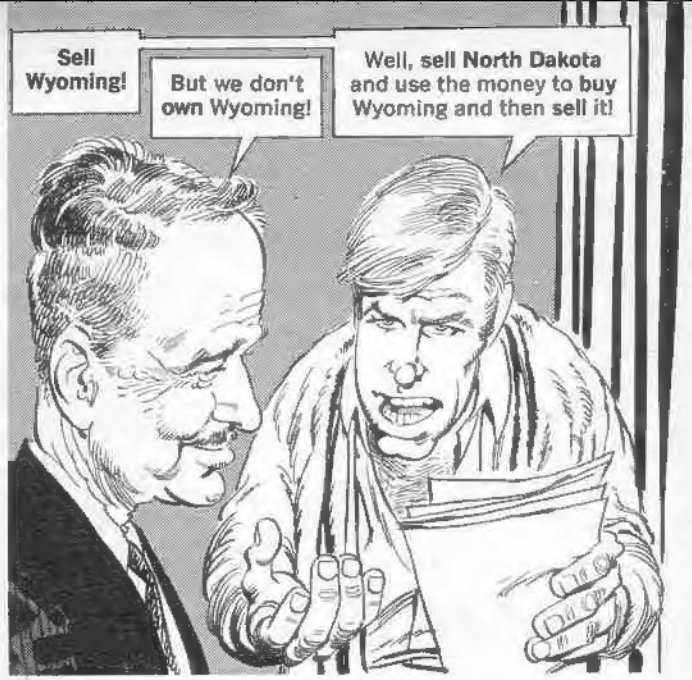
In the early days of this rotten century, groups of rotten American men and women roamed over the rotten countryside, amassing rotten fortunes by rotten means. This is the story of one man who came out of the West and was the rottenest of them all...

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL






Will you look at Jonah? His father dead only minutes and already he's wheeling and dealing!
Jonah was wheeling and dealing when he buzzed the factory! He knew the aggravation would kill the old man!

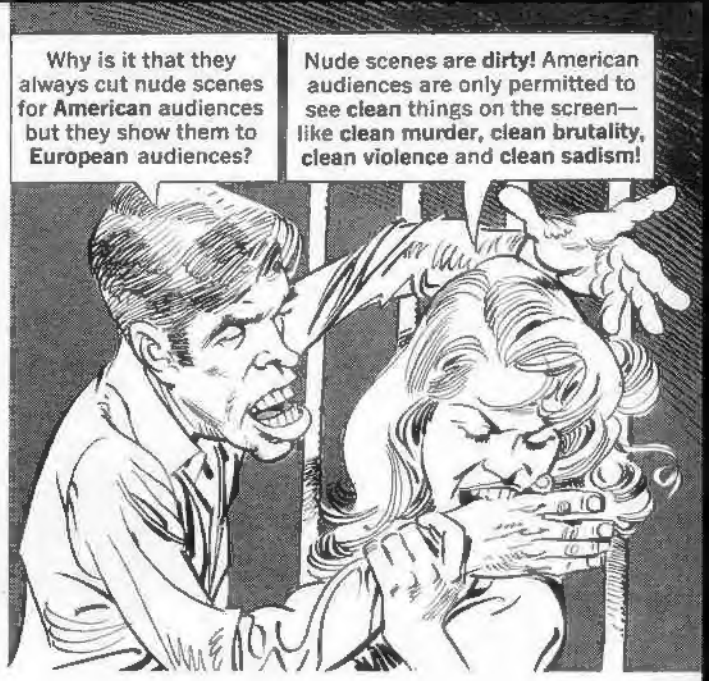

Sell Wyoming!
But we don't own Wyoming!
Well, sell North Dakota and use the money to buy Wyoming and then sell it!

Buy buy, McAllwet!
When you say "Buy buy", do you mean "goodbye"?
No, I mean buy the word "buy"! I don't want anyone else to use it again!
But Noah Webster owns it!
Then buy Noah Webster!
Jonah, Noah Webster is dead!
Stop trying to cheer me up! It's still been a rotten day!

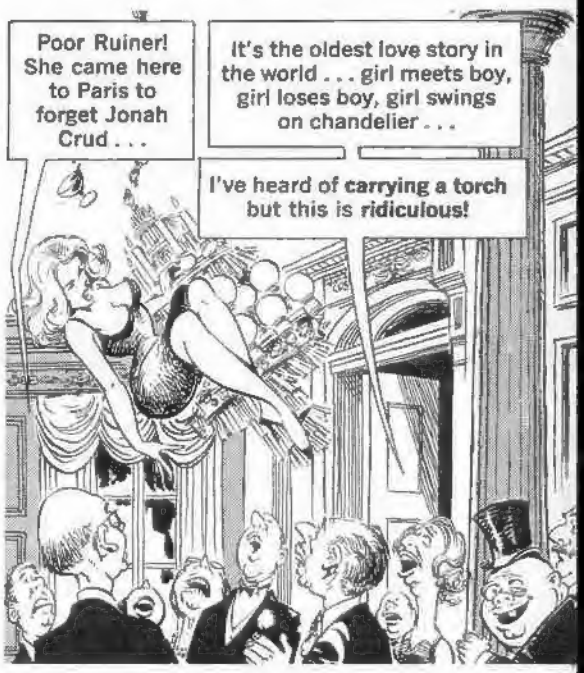
What are you doing in your stepmother's bedroom, Jonah?
I brought you a Mother's Day present . . . ME!
But what will your father say?
Nothing! He died today!

How ironic! Your father died on Mother's Day!
Great, isn't it? Saves me buying a Father's Day present!

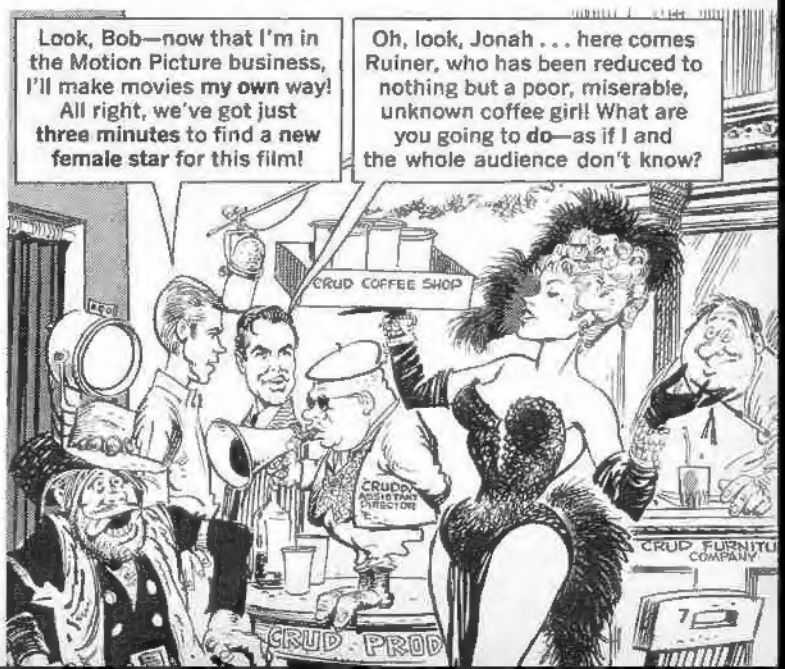
Isn't this a sexy scene we're doing, Jonah?
Yeah, but let's hurry up!
What's your rush?
I want to get to the really sexy scene that they'll cut over here but show in Europe!


Why is it that they always cut nude scenes for American audiences but they show them to European audiences?
Nude scenes are dirty! American audiences are only permitted to see clean things on the screen—like clean murder, clean brutality, clean violence and clean sadism!

Now that you chased Ruiner away, I guess you don't need your life-long friend, Idaho, anymore, either!
That's right! Don't call me and I won't call you! And take that kid with you—the one over there yelling "Shane! Shane!" all the time!
That kid's not yelling "Shane! Shane!" He's been watching me make this movie! He's yelling "SHAME! SHAME!"


Poor Ruiner! She came here to Paris to forget Jonah Crud . . .
It's the oldest love story in the world . . . girl meets boy, girl loses boy, girl swings on chandelier . . .
I've heard of carrying a torch but this is ridiculous!

Jonah you spend all your time building planes and making millions of dollars, but you ignore your wife! When you leave the house in the morning, you don't even punch me "Goodbye" anymore!
Jonah, is that blood on your fist?
Yes, Meanica—you might as well know it! I've been going out with other women!
CRUD AVIATION CORP.


Look, Bob—now that I'm in the Motion Picture business, I'll make movies my own way! All right, we've got just three minutes to find a new female star for this film!
Oh, look, Jonah . . . here comes Ruiner, who has been reduced to nothing but a poor, miserable, unknown coffee girl! What are you going to do—as if I and the whole audience don't know?
CRUD COFFEE SHOP
CRUD FURNITU COMPANY
CRUD PROD

Bob! I just got a **great idea!** We'll make **Ruiner a star!**

Brilliant! The **unknown coffee girl** becomes a **star!** That bit hasn't been used in a Show Business Movie for at least **six minutes** now!!

Look! There goes the biggest **star** in Hollywood with the biggest **heel** in Hollywood!

She **loves** him!

Mark my word! He'll **break her heart!**

So what!? Producers are **always** breaking starlets' hearts!

Yeah, but with a **hammer?!**

CRUD WAY

FINK!

CRUD MOTORS CO.

Jonah, how would you like to buy my movie studio? With Ruiner as your leading star, you'd make **millions** with it!

Okay, Barney! It's a deal! Now I can put my **name** on the roof! I **always** put my **name** on the roof of everything I own!

CRUD PAINT FOR PAINTING CRUD

Jonah! That plane is writing **your name** in the sky! I thought you said you always put your name on everything you **own!**

That's right, Barney! I bought New Zealand yesterday . . . and your studio today! That means I now own the **WHOLE WORLD!**

And if you think **that's** good, stick around and see what I buy **tomorrow!**

CRUD STUDIOS

Jonah, you might as well know it! I've **tricked** you! Ruiner was killed in an auto crash this morning, and the studio you just bought from me for 17 million is **worthless!**

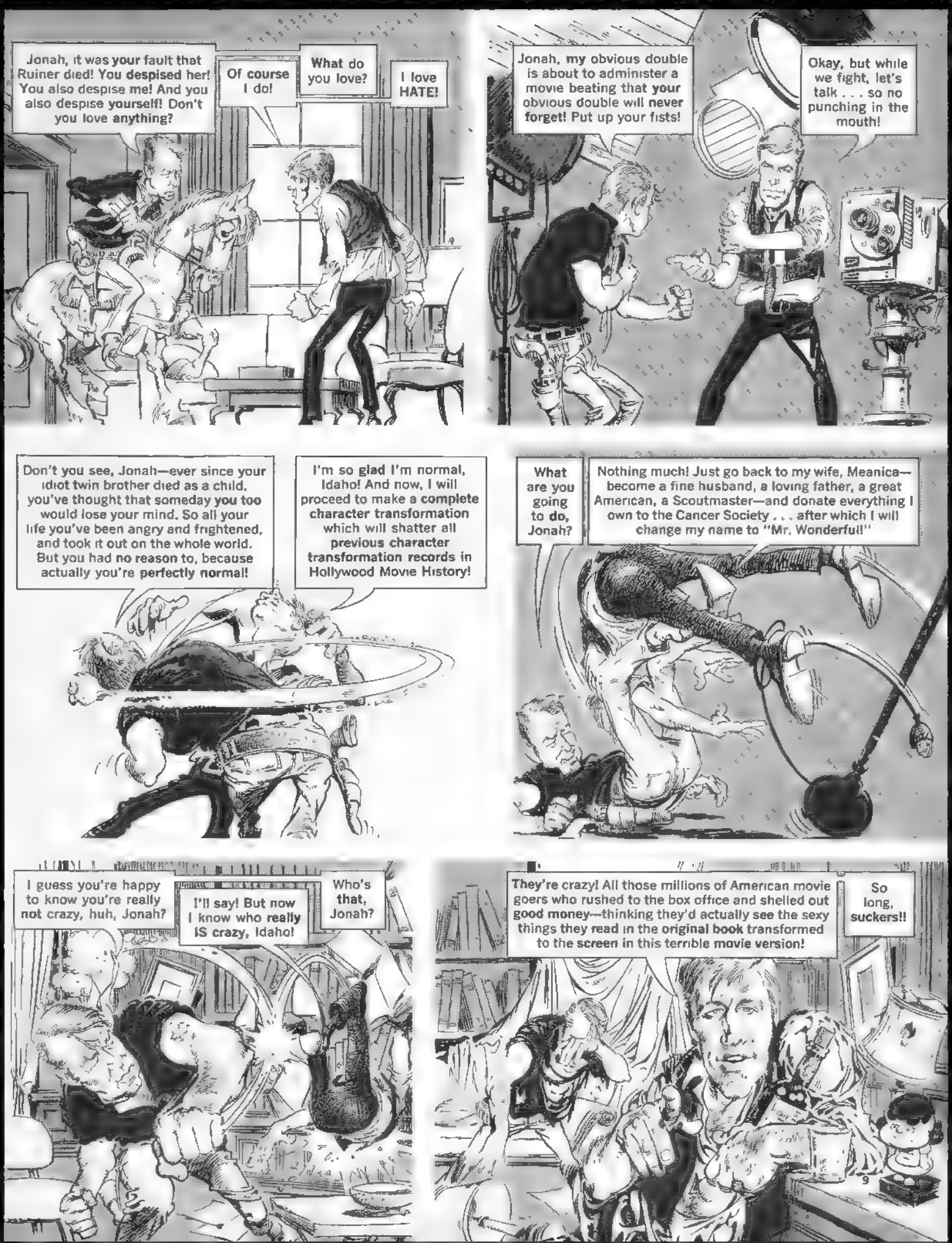
So long, **sucker . . . !**

SOCK!

W-W-Why did you punch **me,** Jonah? **Barney** is the one who **cheated** you out of 17 million!

Don't be ridiculous! I **admire** someone who cheats in business!

I just wanted to see how it would feel to punch all that **make-up!**


Jonah, it was your fault that Ruiner died! You despised her! You also despise me! And you also despise yourself! Don't you love anything?
Of course I do!
What do you love?
I love HATE!
Jonah, my obvious double is about to administer a movie beating that your obvious double will never forget! Put up your fists!
Okay, but while we fight, let's talk . . . so no punching in the mouth!
Don't you see, Jonah—ever since your idiot twin brother died as a child, you've thought that someday you too would lose your mind. So all your life you've been angry and frightened, and took it out on the whole world. But you had no reason to, because actually you're perfectly normal!
I'm so glad I'm normal, Idaho! And now, I will proceed to make a complete character transformation which will shatter all previous character transformation records in Hollywood Movie History!
What are you going to do, Jonah?
Nothing much! Just go back to my wife, Meanica—become a fine husband, a loving father, a great American, a Scoutmaster—and donate everything I own to the Cancer Society . . . after which I will change my name to "Mr. Wonderful!"
I guess you're happy to know you're really not crazy, huh, Jonah?
I'll say! But now I know who really IS crazy, Idaho!
Who's that, Jonah?
They're crazy! All those millions of American movie goers who rushed to the box office and shelled out good money—thinking they'd actually see the sexy things they read in the original book transformed to the screen in this terrible movie version!
So long, suckers!!

THE SWINGING DOERS DEPT.

A while back, "The IN and OUT Book" by Harvey Schmidt and Robert Benton showed us what was currently "IN" and what was "OUT". To be IN, a thing has to be either classic and great, like Barbra Streisand – or very obscure, like Lyle Bettger movies—or so far out that even the OUT people (Squares) wouldn't touch it, like Guy Lombardo records. But these were based upon the opinions of two sophisticated adults with excellent taste. We at MAD have our own standards of judgment. We therefore feel it our duty to present our own versions of what's IN and what's OUT. So here we go with

The MAD IN and OUT Book

Written by Arnie Kogen
Illustrated by Paul Coker, Jr.

Autumn in New York and Paris in the Spring are OUT.

Winter in Hoboken is IN, but not if you live there

Being a high school drop out is OUT... unless you're a high school teacher.

Surfing is OUT.

Asking the kids over to throw the javelin is IN.

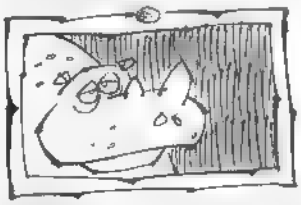
Beards and goatees are OUT.

Handlebar mustaches are IN, but not for men.

The Twist, the Hully-Gully, the Monkey, the Surf, the Ska and the Frug are all OUT.

Doing the Limbo under barbed wire is IN.

"Time," "Life," "Look" *and* "Playboy" *are OUT!*



"Field and Stream" *is IN ... but only for pin-ups!*

Having an upset stomach, virus or a cold is OUT.

Suffering from the Plague or Potato Famine is IN. (It is very IN to call in sick with Potato Famine!)

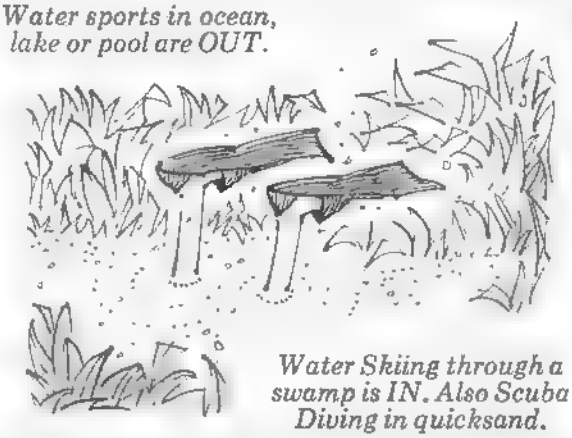
Getting the Hiccoughs while making out is IN.

Going to Europe is IN ... but only if you row there.

Going to a Drive-In Movie with your date is OUT.

It's only IN when you take her there in a Taxi Cab!

Water sports in ocean, lake or pool are OUT.



Water Skiing through a swamp is IN. Also Scuba Diving in quicksand.

Swallowing goldfish and piling into phonebooths is OUT.

Newest IN campus craze is swallowing phonebooths.

Becoming an engineer, an accountant, a lawyer, or a doctor is OUT.

The new IN careers are: Gas Lamp Lighter, Ice Man, Shepherd, and Seltzer Truck Driver.

Singing along with Mitch is OUT.

Singing along with The Eleven O'Clock News is IN . . . but only if you hum along with The Weather.

Walking barefoot in the rain is OUT.

Wearing golashes in the house is IN.

Shaving with Stainless Steel blades is IN.

Shaving with "Coo-Coo" Razor blades is OUT.

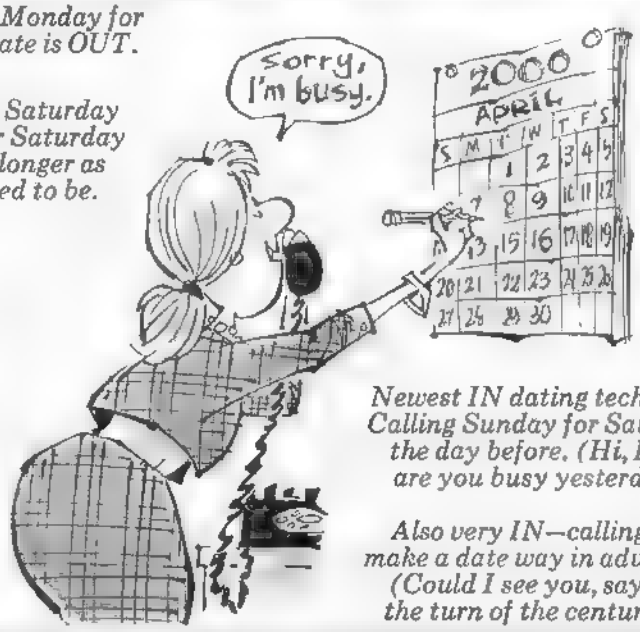
Having your first pair of baby shoes bronzed is OUT.

Having your current pair of sneakers bronzed is IN.

And it's very IN to play in them that way.

Calling a girl Monday for a Saturday date is OUT.

Also, calling Saturday afternoon for Saturday night is no longer as IN as it used to be.

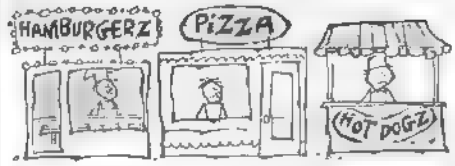


Newest IN dating technique: Calling Sunday for Saturday, the day before. (Hi, Baby, are you busy yesterday?)

Also very IN—calling to make a date way in advance. (Could I see you, say, at the turn of the century?)

Going to a Motel is OUT.

Going to an Inn is IN.



Hamburgers, pizzas and hot dogs are OUT. Cod liver oil, tripe and Farina are IN.

Also very IN— drinking hot tea through a straw.

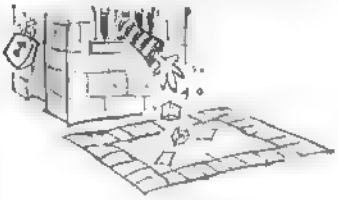
And the most IN of all are Bread Sandwiches, like rye on roll with a side of whole wheat.

Calling your girl from home is OUT.

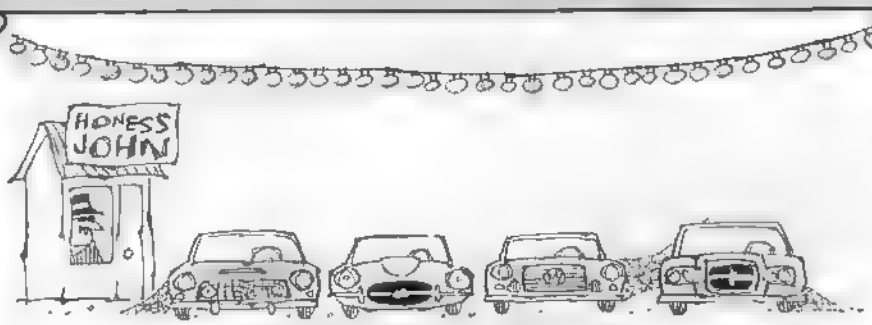
Speaking to her in a phone booth is IN. (If a crowd gathers, however, the both of you should step out and let somebody else use the booth!)

When he calls, having your folks say you're in is OUT. Having them say you're out is IN— but only if you're in.

When playing Monopoly, owning "Boardwalk" and "Park Place" is OUT.

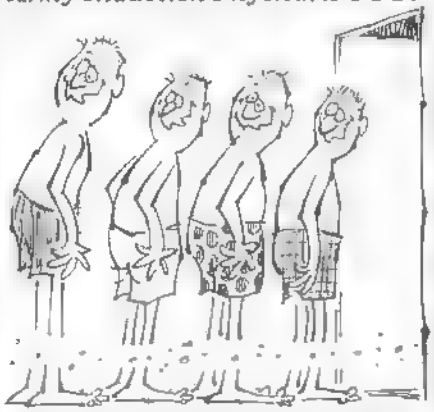


Staying in "Jail" for the entire game is IN.

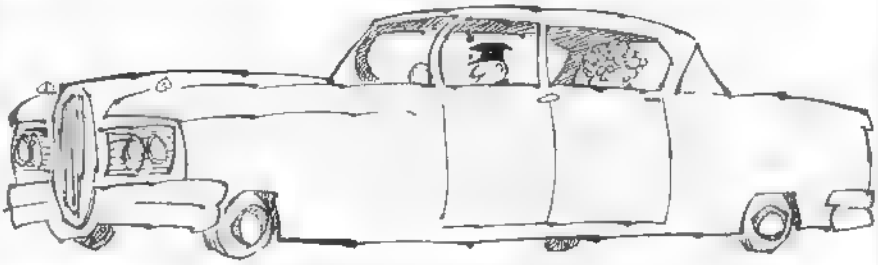


Driving sports cars like Ferraris, Jaguars, Maseratis and Dual Ghias are OUT.

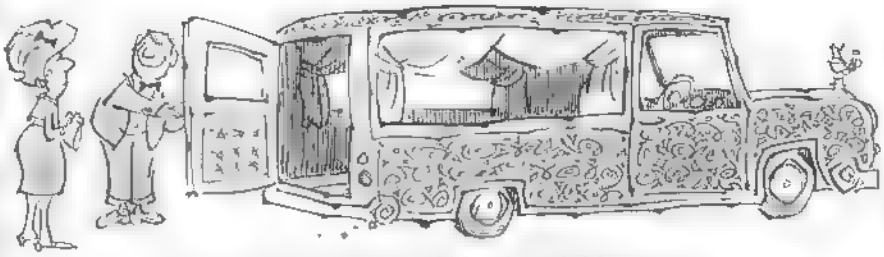
Submitting quietly to an Army Induction Physical is OUT.



Being carried away screaming is IN. Especially if you're a girl.



Edsels are so far out, they're IN.

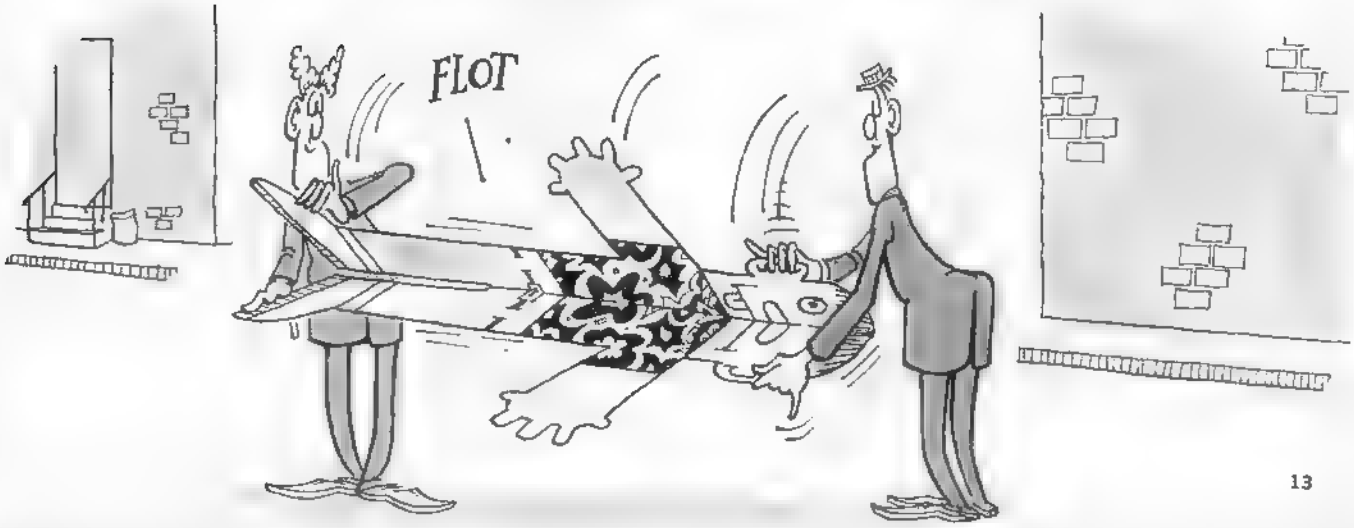


Kaiser Frazers are IN. Also picking up your date in a 1958 Hearse is very IN.

When the lights are low and she expects mood music, playing "The Caisson Song" is IN.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

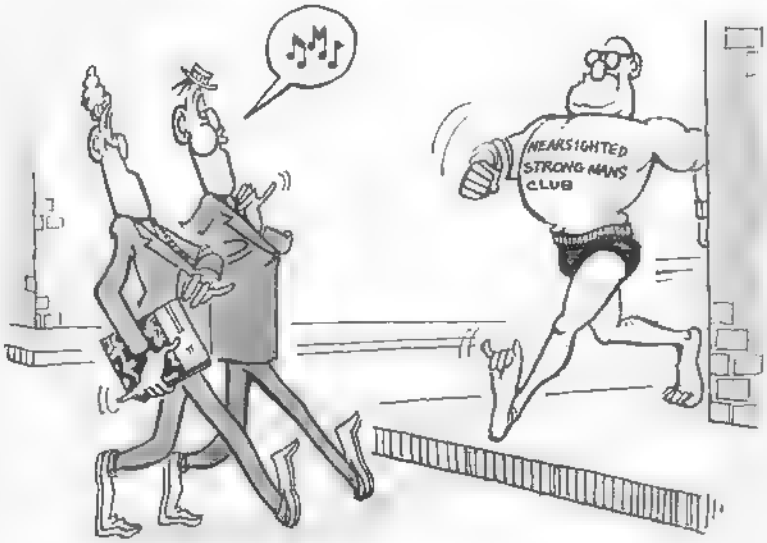
THE ACCIDENT



FLIT

FLADAT

SSAT

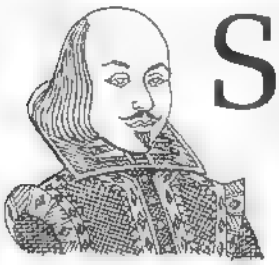

♪♫♪
NEARSIGHTED STRONG MANS CLUB

TELEPHONE

GAARGH!
(Gasp)
RIP

AVON CALLING DEPT.

Had Shakespeare known that his 400th Birthday Year would be commemorated by his work appearing in MAD, he probably would have quit writing and become a plumber. Instead, he turned out all those wonderful works filled with quotes that are as apropos today as when they were written. We can prove it, with —

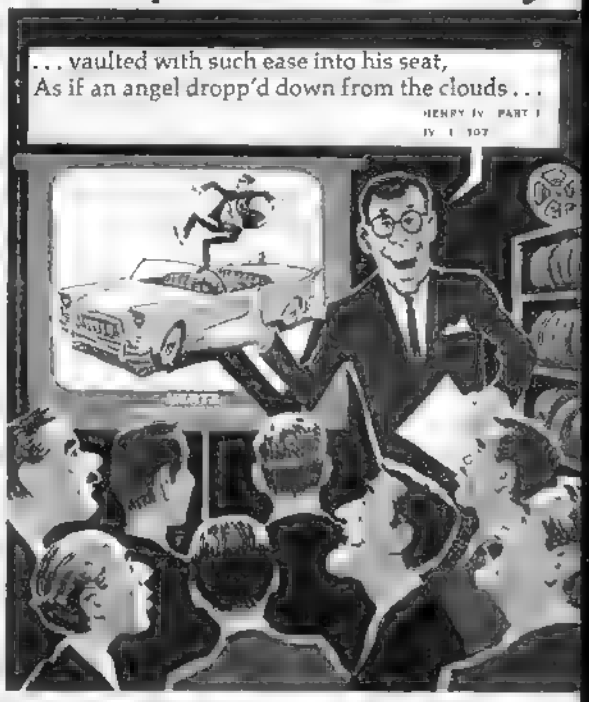


SHAKESPEARE UP-TO-DATE

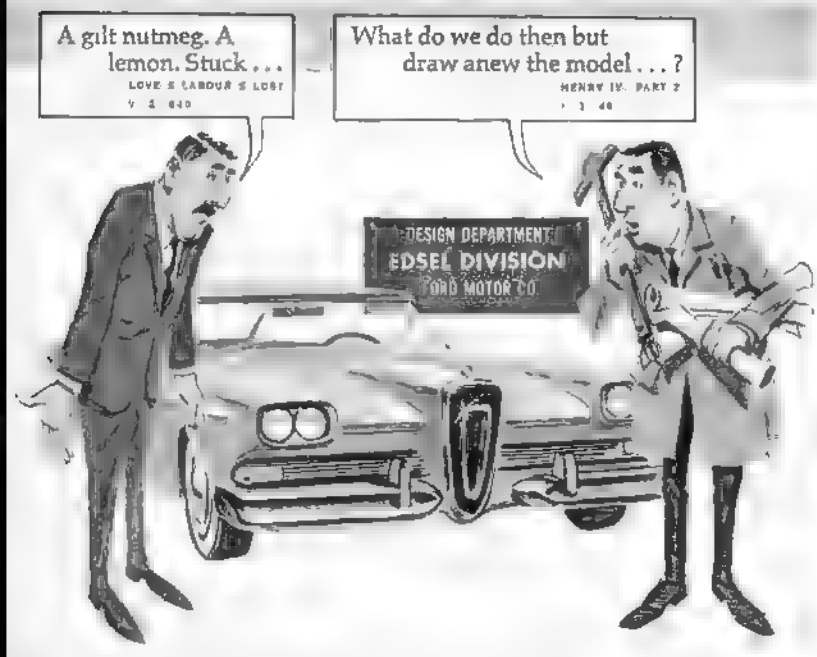
ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: WILLIAM GARVIN

Shakespeare on "The Beatles"

Shakespeare on "Advertising"



Shakespeare on "The Auto Industry"



Shakespeare on "The Movies"

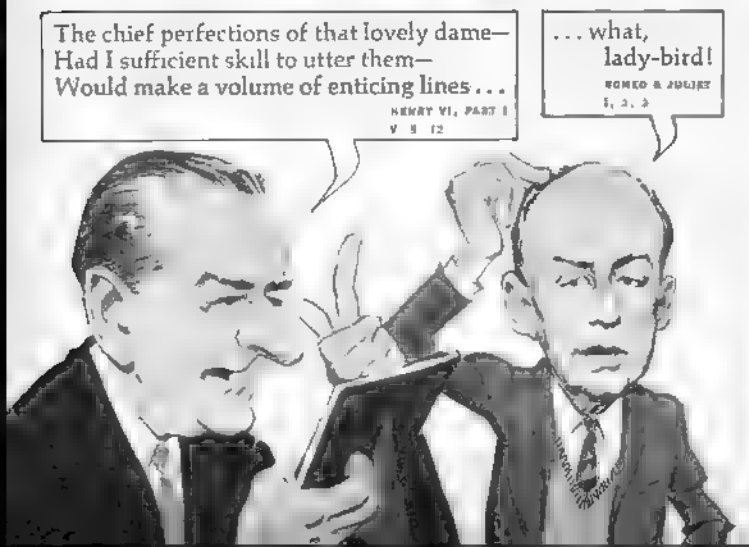
Shakespeare on "The Clan"

Shakespeare on "Politicians and World Leaders"

...on "Khrushchev"

...on "Goldwater"

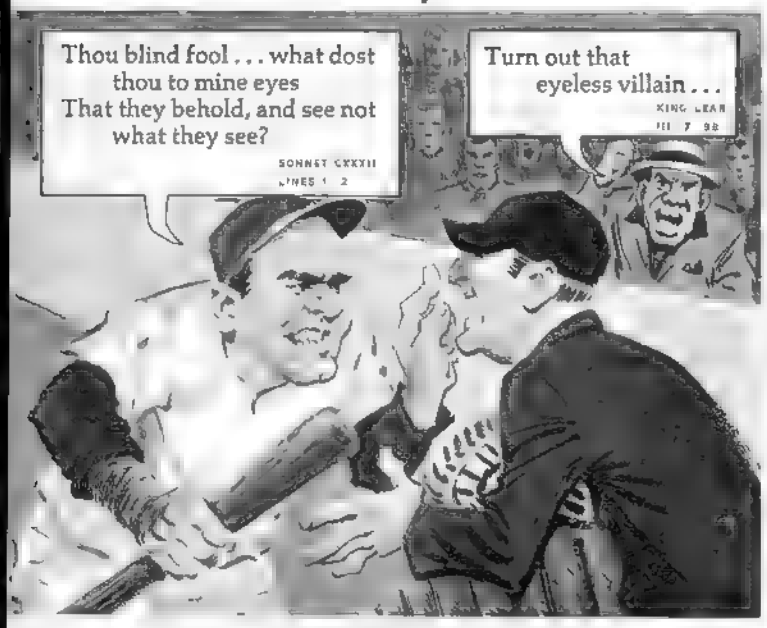
...on "Johnson"



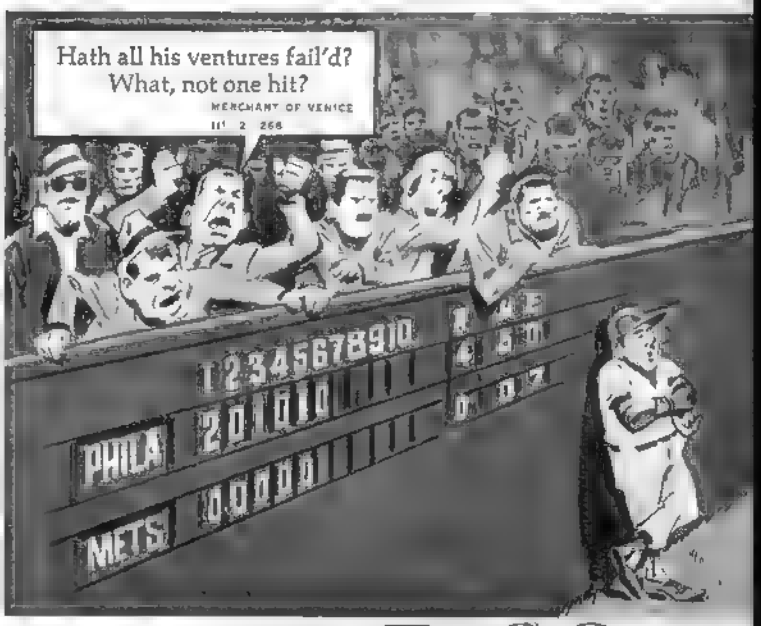
...on "Humphrey"

Shakespeare on "Sports"

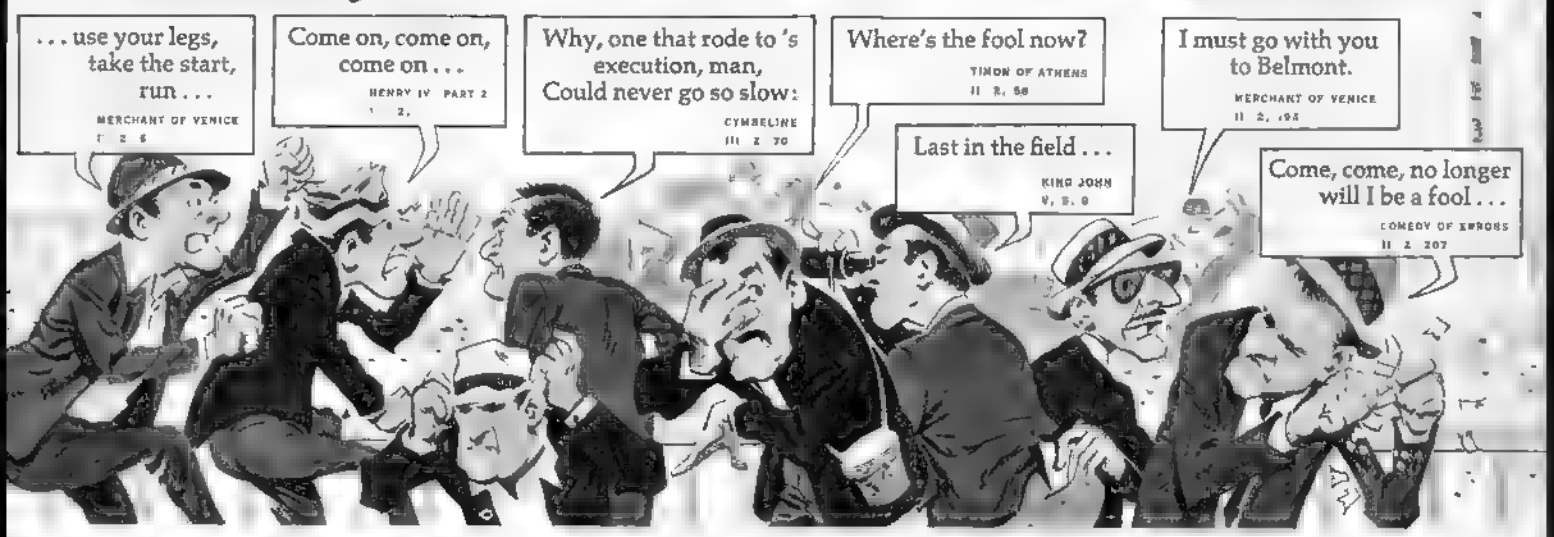
...on "Umpires"



...on "The Mets"

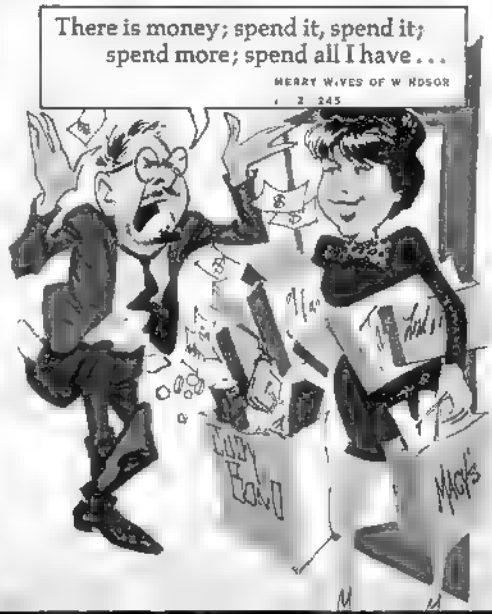


...on "Horse Racing"

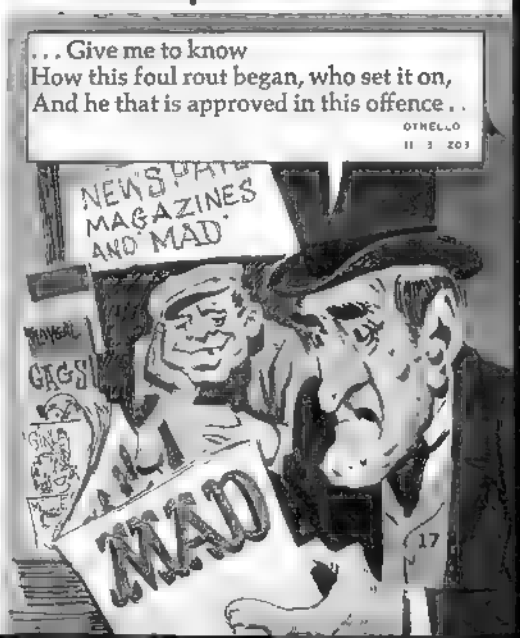


Shakespeare on "The Telephone"

Shakespeare on "Family Budgets"



Shakespeare on "MAD"



LETTERS FROM

SANTA CLAUS
North Pole

Master Mitchell Blitz
42 Rosebud Lane
Levittown, L.I. N.Y.

Dear Mitchell

I received your letter asking me to bring you a two-wheel bike, a sled, a talking robot, a horse, a St Bernard dog, a regulation pool table, a set of electric trains, a ping-pong table, an electric automobile and a weightlifting set. I think what you really want so that I should get a hernia! Look, kid - I'm Santa Claus, not Superman! You may think I'm just a jolly old jerk with this hokey red suit and wide black belt, but I got news for you that's not really a belt at all – it's a truss from trying to please greedy little kids like you!

So let's be reasonable, huh?

Yours truly,
Santa

Santa Claus
North Pole

Dear Santa,
Please Bring me a BABY Bruther
for Christmas

Your frend.
Kieth Grubnik
302 Main St.
Denver, Colo.

SANTA CLAUS
North Pole

Mr and Mrs Grubnik
302 Main St
Denver, Colo.

Dear Mr and Mrs. Grubnik,

I feel you should know about this letter which your son sent to me. I'd suggest he stop spending time writing me and start spending time on sex education.

In other words, folks – I'll do my job! You do yours!

Sincerely,
Santa Claus

SANTA CLAUS
North Pole

Defense Department
Pentagon Building
Washington, D.C.

Gentlemen:

This is to advise you that I will be flying in from the North Pole on Christmas Eve. Please be sure to notify your DEW Line Radar Operators, as well as your SAC and Defense Command Radar Operators that I will be the blip on their Radar Screens that night.

I would be quite chagrined if, instead of bringing the world good cheer, I brought it the start of World War III.

Respectfully yours,
Santa Claus
Santa Claus

cc: Defense Minister,
Moscow, U.S.S.R.

Dear Irving — Santa Claus

I will do my best to bring you the toy you saw advertised on TV. However, Santa does not take any responsibility for the claims made for the toy by the manufacturer. Please do not blame me if it does not Flip! The tiny type on the TV screen that you couldn't read said it wasn't a Flying toy. Also, please do not hate Santa if it comes **unassembled**, even though they did not mention this in the TV ad. And when you get it, be careful. It may be expensive, but it is very fragile—not nearly as strong as those cheap Japanese toys you're used to.

SANTA CLAUS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: STAN HART

DOMESTIC SERVICE
Check the class of service desired, otherwise this message will be sent as a fast telegram.
TELEGRAM
DAY LETTER
NIGHT LETTER

$ S S E

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

W. P. MARSHALL, PRESIDENT

1206 (4-55)

INTERNATIONAL SERVICE
Check the class of service desired otherwise the message will be sent at the full rate
FULL RATE
LETTER TELEGRAM
SHORE SHIP

SEYMOUR KREEVICH
158 HIGH STREET
DAYTON, OHIO, 555890-NORTH POLE-PD-DEL ON RCT-45-KD 10-12 AM

PLEASE STOP TELLING YOUR SCHOOLMATES THAT THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS SANTA CLAUS. I RESENT THIS. IF YOU CONTINUE, I WILL BE FORCED TO START TELLING PEOPLE THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS SEYMOUR KREEVICH. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE THAT

S. CLAUS
NORTH POLE

34L-GH-11-15 PM

SANTA CLAUS
North Pole

Mr Joseph Pfinster
73 Collins Drive
Duluth, Minn

Dear Mr. Pfinster

Recently, your son wrote to me that you told him Santa doesn't love him when he misbehaves. Look, Joe, let's talk man-to-man. What do I care how your kid acts? I got enough troubles with those crazy reindeer running all over my house. The smell's enough to kill you. And when they're not running, they're flying around! Ever had your house buzzed by reindeer? On the inside? Compared to them, pigeons are a pleasure! So between making toys and shoveling out my house, I'm a pretty busy guy.

If you can't handle your kid, don't make it my problem.

Cordially,
S Claus

SANTA CLAUS
North Pole

Al Beemish
4 Laurel St
San Francisco, Calif

Dear Al,

Aw, C'mon! You gotta be kidding when you ask me to bring you Brigitte Bardot for Christmas. If you're old enough to use a Brigitte Bardot, you're old enough to know I don't handle that type of merchandise. And if I did, do you think I'd be flying around on December 24th? Not on your life! I'd be having my own Christmas party right here!

Yours truly,
Santa Claus

From The Desk Of SANTA CLAUS

MEMORANDUM

TO: Volunteer Santa Clauses

It has come to my attention that some of you Santa Clauses who stand on cold street corners and collect money have been keeping warm by taking a nip or two.

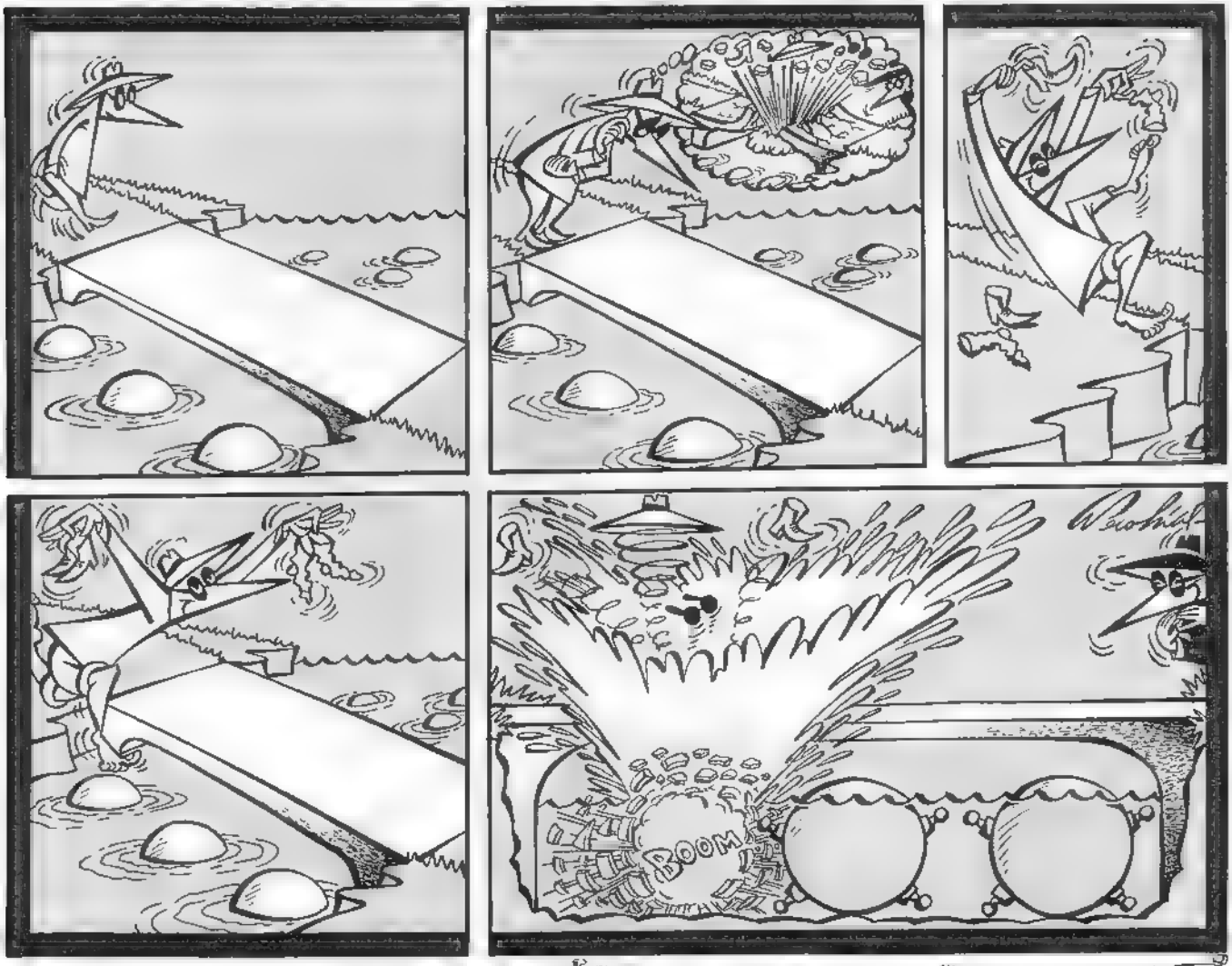
In fact, I've learned that some of you get quite stoned on the job. Which means you're giving me a pretty lousy reputation.

How much faith can a kid have in me when he sees one of you singing "Sweet Ad-o-line" instead of "Silent Night". I don't mind that some of you are skinny and your beards hang down under your shins, but I don't like the insinuation that I got my red nose because I'm a "wino". So cut it out!

SC

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I

SPY VS SPY



TUNES OF GORY DEPT.

As long as we can remember, Safety Songs have always played an important part in the education of children. Grammar school teachers are constantly leading their classes in the singing of tunes which tell kids how to live safely amidst the many and varied pitfalls of life. However, a thought recently occurred to us : mainly

CHILDREN'S SAFETY SONGS

ARE USUALLY BASED ON OLD-FASHIONED SUBJECTS

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

...like playing with matches:

BAD, BAD MATCHES

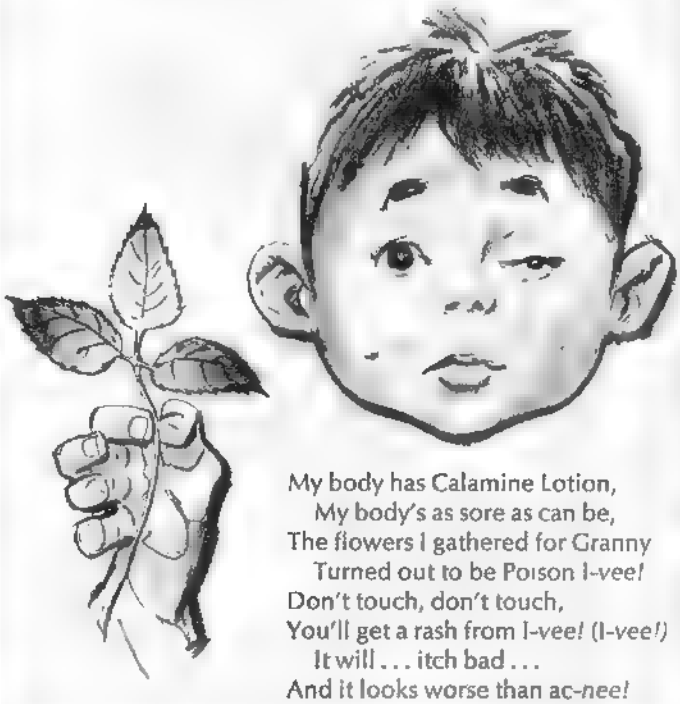
(to the tune of *"Frère Jacques"*)

Bad, bad matches,
Bad, bad matches,
I touched you,
I touched you.
You made quite a fire,
There goes brother Meyer . . .
Toodle-ooo,
Toodle-oo.

...and touching nasty plants:

MY BODY HAS CALAMINE LOTION

(to the tune of *"My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean"*)



My body has Calamine Lotion,
My body's as sore as can be,
The flowers I gathered for Granny
Turned out to be Poison I-*vee!*
Don't touch, don't touch,
You'll get a rash from I-*vee!* (I-*vee!*)
It will . . . itch bad . . .
And it looks worse than ac-*nee!*

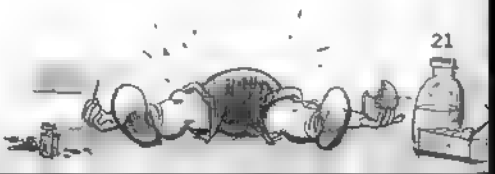
...and fooling around in medicine cabinets:

YOU FUNNY IODINE

(to the tune of *"My Darling Clementine"*)

In the chest there, in the bathroom,
O'er the sink whose faucets shine,
Stands a funny little bottle,
And we call it iodine.

Oh you funny, oh you funny,
Oh, you funny iodine.
You don't taste good with a cookie
But for booboos you're just fine.

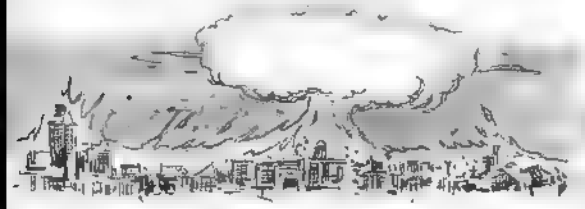


Now we realize, of course, that playing with matches and drinking iodine and touching poison ivy and crossing in the middle of the block always have been and always will be dangerous. But we feel that,

UP-TO-DATE SAFETY

WHEN THE BOMB COMES FALLING DOWN

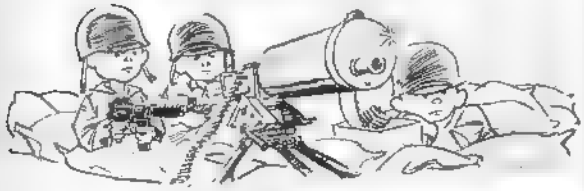
(to the tune of "*London Bridge Is Falling Down*")



When the Bomb comes falling down,
Falling down, falling down,
When the Bomb comes falling down,
There'll be fallout.

Cover up your face and head,
Face and head, face and head,
Then put on your suit of lead,
'Cause there's fallout.

Do not stop to talk or play,
Talk or play, talk or play,
Find your shelter right away,
'Cause there's fallout.



Just admit your nearest kin,
Nearest kin, nearest kin,
Shoot down neighbors who want in,
'Cause there's fallout.

Wait until they sound All Clear,
Sound All Clear, sound All Clear,
Don't drink milk till late next year,
'Cause there's fallout.

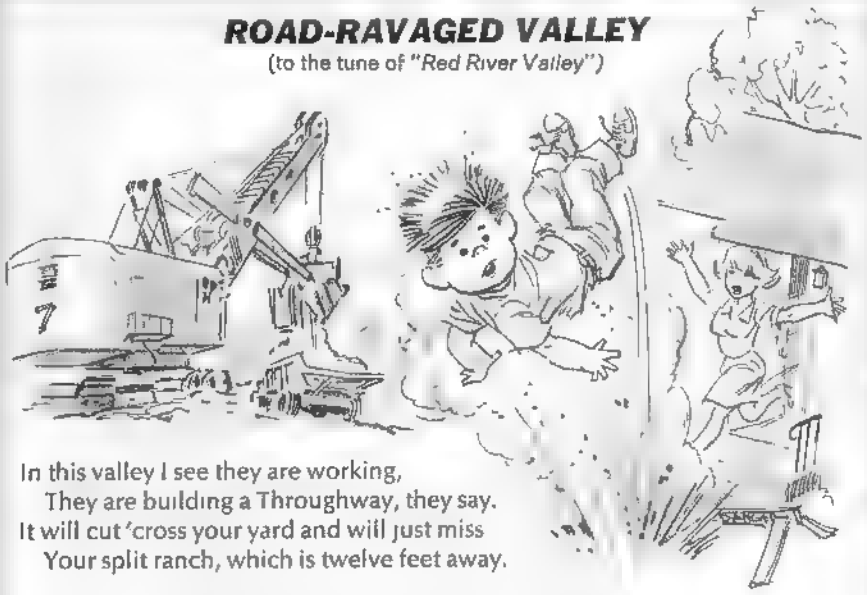
IT'S A GRAND OLD BAG

(to the tune of "*You're A Grand Old Flag*")

It's a grand old bag,
It's a nice plastic bag,
And we find them on all of our clothes.
Oh a kid can play
The livelong day
With *them* everywhere that he goes.
They are lots more fun
Than a doll or a gun,
You can wave them around like flags.
But should old acquaintance be forgot,
Keep your head out of plastic bags.

ROAD-RAVAGED VALLEY

(to the tune of "*Red River Valley*")



In this valley I see they are working,
They are building a Throughway, they say.
It will cut 'cross your yard and will just miss
Your split ranch, which is twelve feet away.

Do not play by the craters they're digging,
For the craters are big and they're deep.
If you fall into one you'll be buried,
And you don't really need all that sleep.

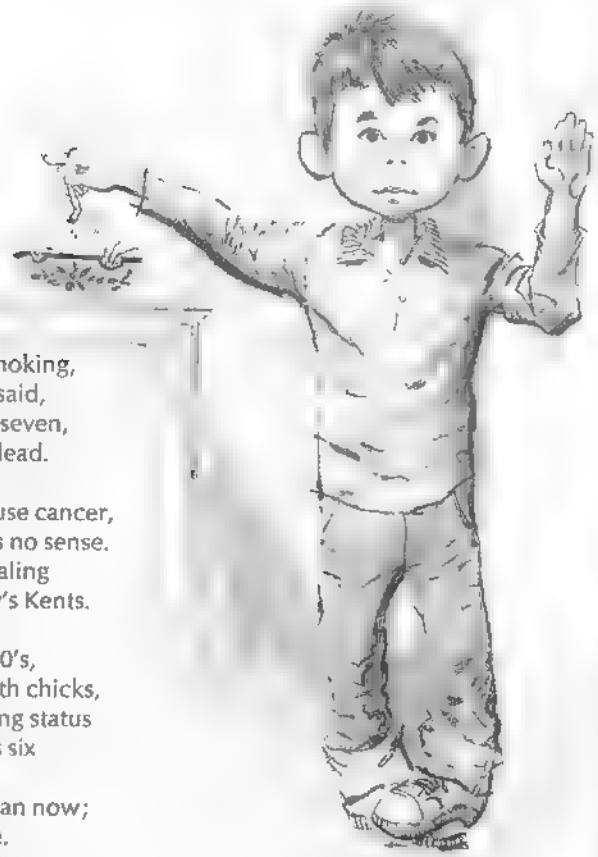
Do not touch all those funny explosives,
Do not play with that dynamite cap.
Otherwise you will find, like the Throughway,
You'll be spread out all over the map.

as times change, we should add **new** Safety Songs to Grammar school repertoires. Songs which are in keeping with more **modern** safety problems in the Soaring Sixties. And so here are some suggested . . .

SONGS FOR CHILDREN

I'VE GOT TO STOP SMOKING

(to the tune of "*On Top Of Old Smoky*")



I've got to stop smoking,
My doctor has said,
Or else when I'm seven,
I'm sure to be dead.

Cigarettes can cause cancer,
And that makes no sense.
So I must stop stealing
My dear Daddy's Kents.

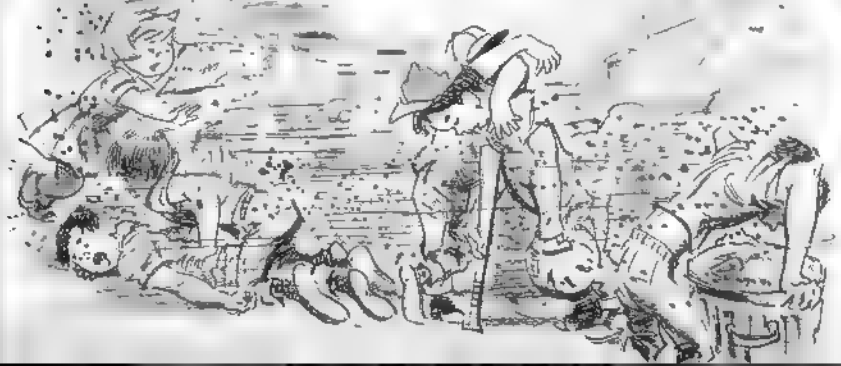
Now here in the 60's,
When going with chicks,
Cigarettes can bring status
To a boy who is six

But I must live clean now;
At six life is ripe.
Cigarettes I will give up—
And switch to a pipe!

NORTH SIDE, SOUTH SIDE

(to the tune of "*East Side, West Side*")

North Side, South Side,
All around the Square,
The fact'ry smoke is polluting
Every cubic inch of air.
Cars and trucks together
Spew exhaust up and down;
Let's dance and pla-ay in gas masks
On the sidewalks of our town.



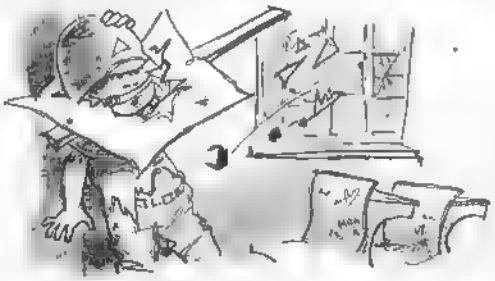
BUCKLE UP YOUR HELMET STRAP

(to the tune of "*Button Up Your Overcoat*")

Buckle up your helmet strap,
Hide behind a tree;
There's a riot again
Down at P.S. 3

Don't go near the picket line,
That's no place to be;
They may fracture your skull
Down at P.S. 3.

Beware of roughneck nuts *(mmm-mmm)*
Switchblade cuts *(mmm-mmm)*
Trooper's mutts *(mmm-mmm)*
You'll get a bite in your tummy-tum-tum-tum . . .

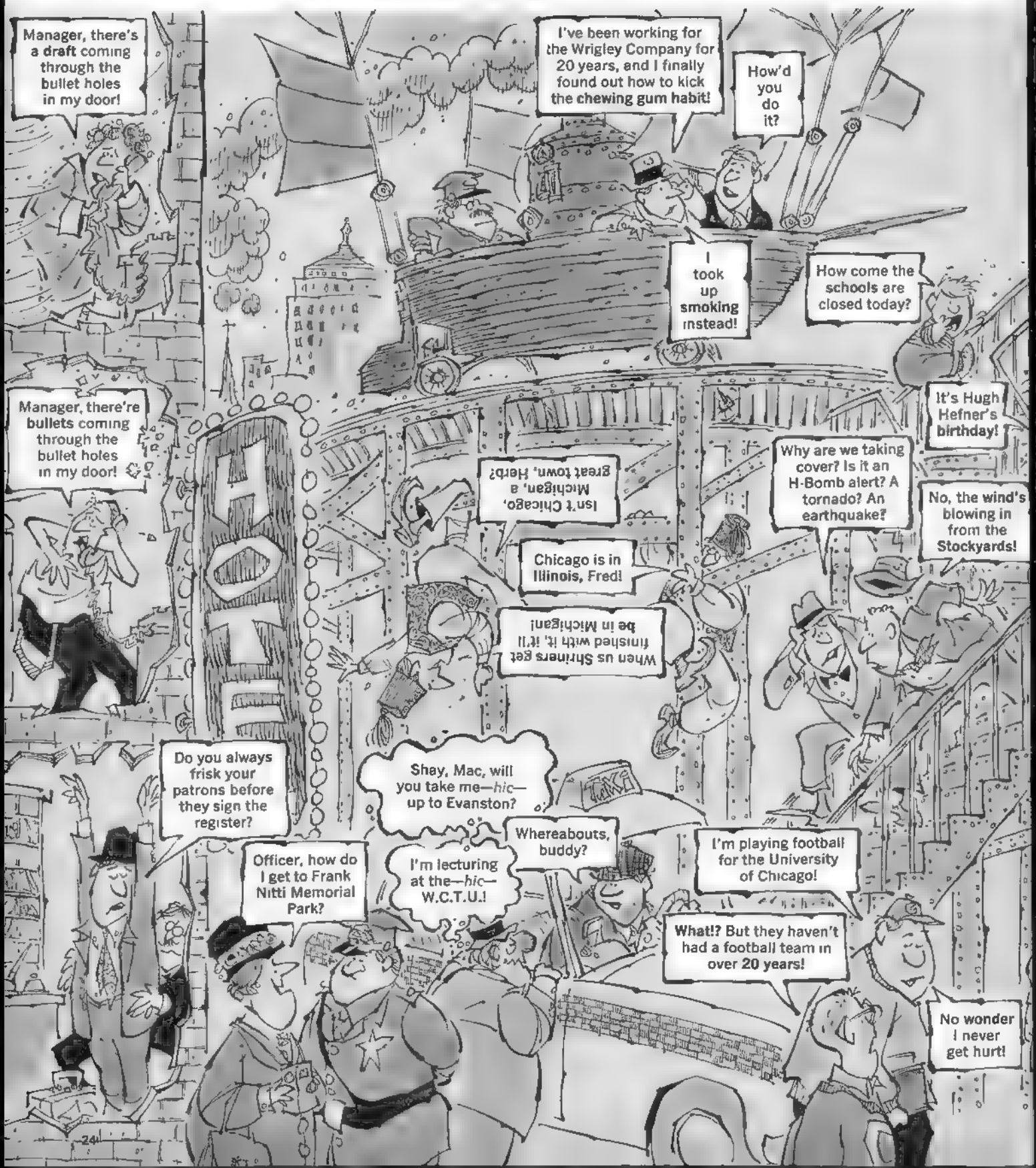


Keep away from flying rocks,
They may break your knee;
Life at school nowadays
Is like World War III.

TALK OF THE TOWNS DEPT.

In this, its fifth installment, "The MAD Information Service" continues to inform Americans about America—by presenting

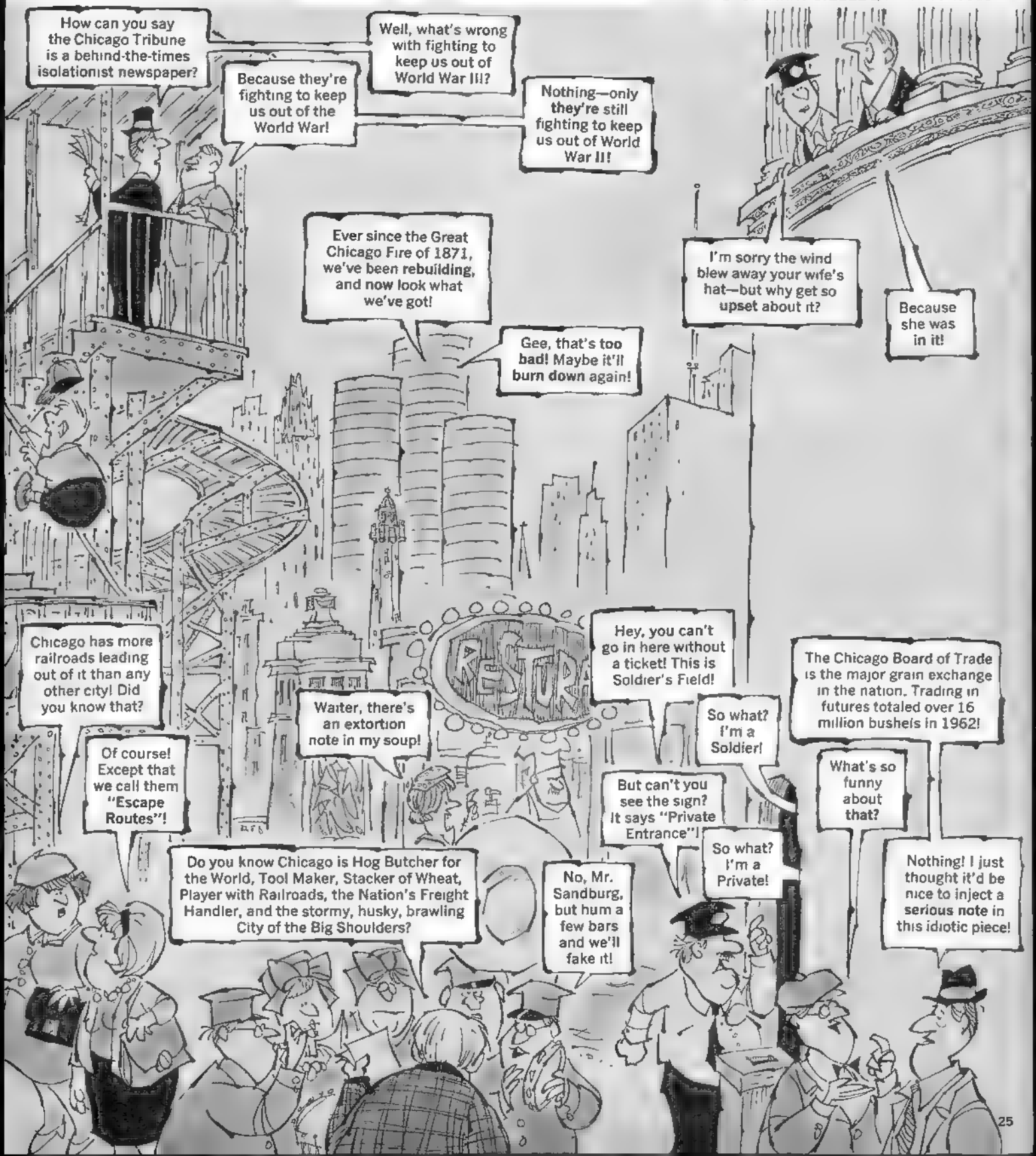
THE SIGHTS OF THE



and sounds u.s.a.

THIS ISSUE—SPOTLIGHTING
CHICAGO Illinois

ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR.
WRITERS: LARRY SIEGEL & FRANK JACOBS



CURRENT EVENTS DEPT.

After taking a MAD look at the Summer Olympic Games (MAD #91), it occurred to us that participation in these classic competitions every four years is limited . . . mainly to athletes. What about all of us non-athletic clods who

EVERYDAY LIFE

School Events

THE TRIPLE HIGH "C" EARDRUM-SHATTERING TEETH-GRITTING ENDURANCE CONTEST

THE GREAT BETWEEN-CLASSES LOCKER-SCRAMBLE AND DOOR-BANGING JOUST

THE MOST CONVINCING FIRST-TO-BE-CALLED-ON "MAY I LEAVE THE ROOM?" HAND-RAISING CHAMPIONSHIP

THE NECK-STRETCHING, BACK-BENDING, EYE-STRAINING FINAL EXAM ANSWER-GETTING CLASSIC

THE INCREDIBLY SWEATY, SMELLY, MIDDLE-OF-THE-TERM GYM SNEAKER-WEARING SPECTACULAR

THE SCHOOL DISMISSAL SNEAKY "LAST TAG" NO BACKS—NO RETURNS FINALS

participate in far more exhausting competitions every day of our lives? MAD demands that recognition and laurel wreaths be awarded to the champions among us who triumph over the strains, hurdles, conflicts and rivalries found in

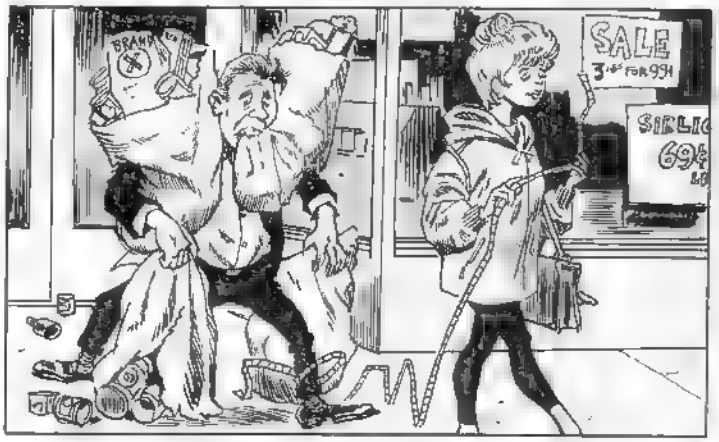
ARTIST:
JOE ORLANDO

OLYMPIC GAMES

Household Events

THE RAISING AND HOLDING HORIZONTAL STIFF LEGS ENDURANCE CONTEST

THE PAYDAY SUPERMARKET-PILGRIMAGE WEIGHT-LIFTING-AND-CARRYING MATCH



THE QUARTER-MILE LEAPING, HOPPING, SKIPPING AND JUMPING DASH TO THE BUS MEET

THE KITCHEN KNIFE DUEL-TO-SUBMISSION-FOR-THE-LAST-PAT-OF-BUTTER FINALS

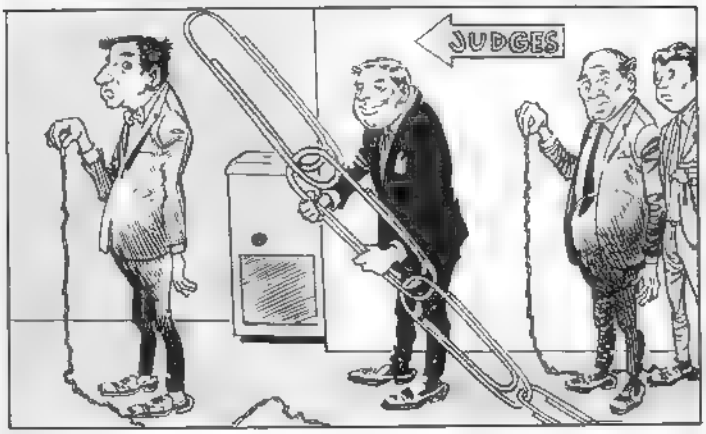
THE DARING OFF-BALANCE SEMI-DARK TIPPY-TOE OBSTACLE COURSE EVENT

THE "3-O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING" LEAPING ARCHED-BACK FLYSWATTING SMASH CLASSIC

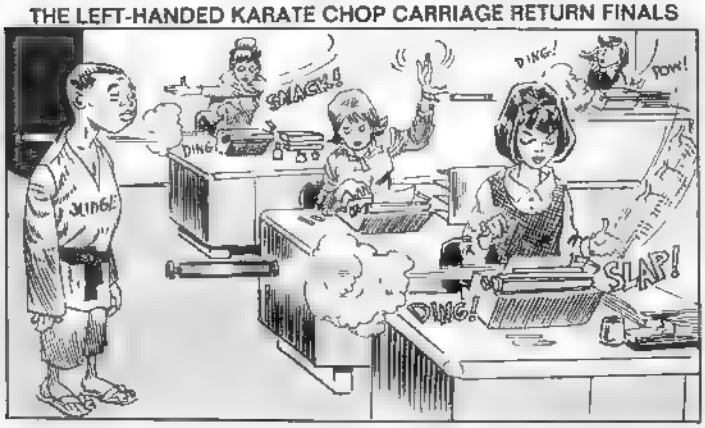
Office Events

THE RUNNING, LEAPING, OVERHANDED, ONE-ARM WASTEPAPER BASKET TOSS

THE LONGEST PAPER CLIP CHAIN-MAKING, BETWEEN COFFEE BREAK AND LUNCH, CONTEST

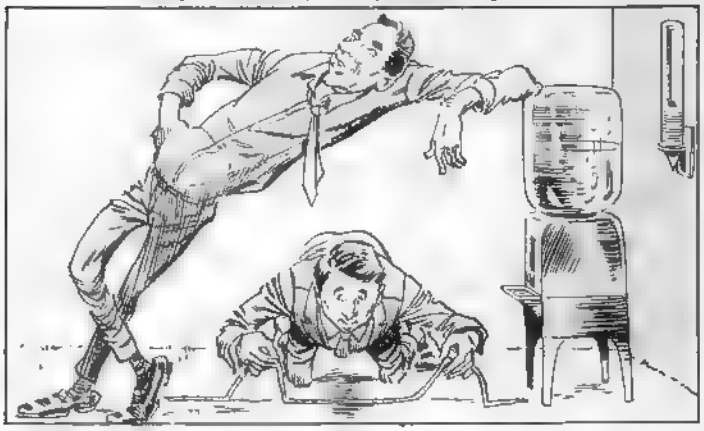


THE LEFT-HANDED KARATE CHOP CARRIAGE RETURN FINALS



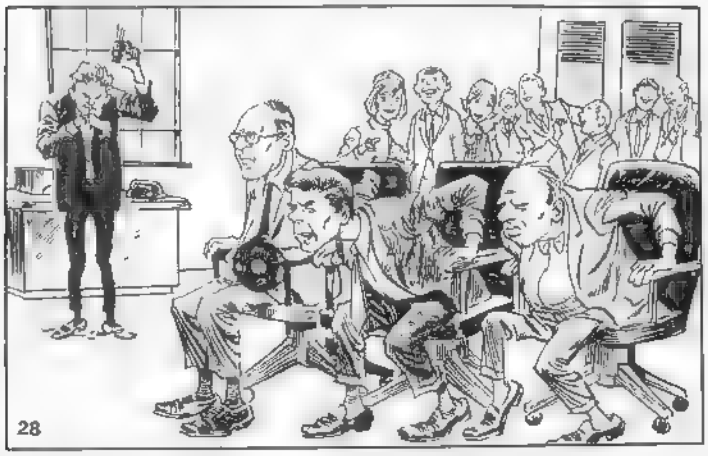
THE MOVING SECRETARY RUBBER BAND SHOOT

THE ANTI-GRAVITY WATER COOLER ELBOW-LEANING ENDURANCE CONTEST

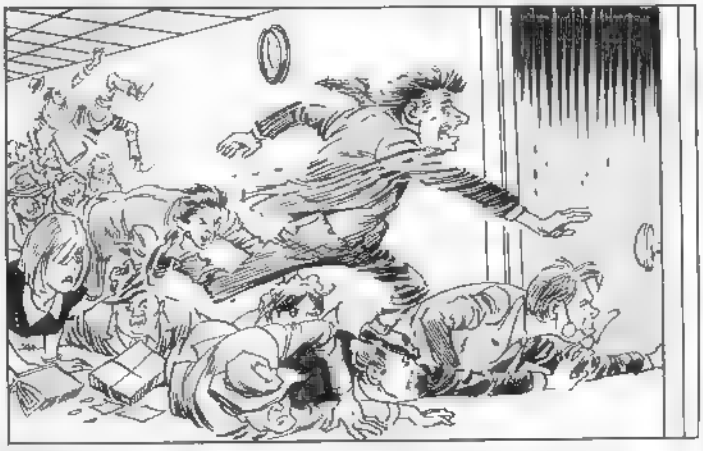


THE INTRAMURAL INCONSPICUOUS LAST MINUTE CLOCK-GLANCING MEET

THE FOUR-WHEELED DESK CHAIR RACING CLASSIC



THE 15-YARD FIRST TO THE DOOR 5 O'CLOCK DASH



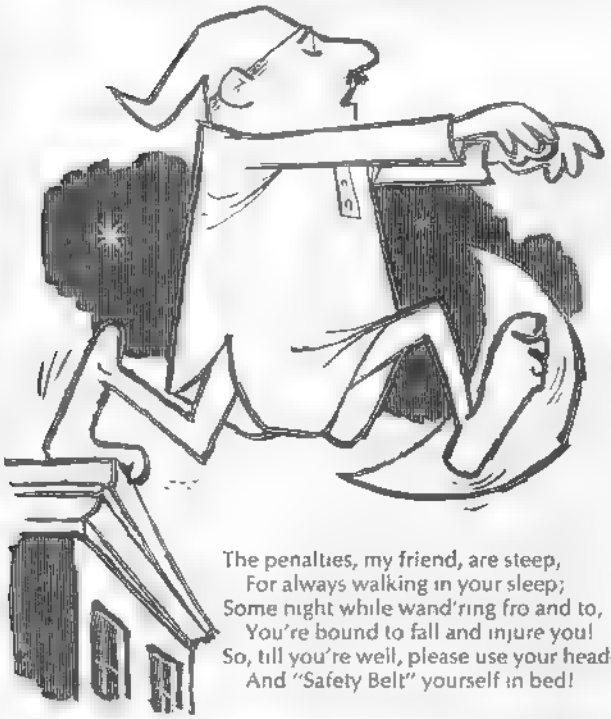
IN A DEPARTMENT STORE

There are millions of repulsive "Get-Well" Cards on the market for sending to the physically sick. But what about people who are mentally sick? Don't they deserve

MAD "GET-W

FOR PEOPLE WITH EM

Some Good Advice For A SOMNAMBULIST



The penalties, my friend, are steep,
For always walking in your sleep;
Some night while wand'ring fro and to,
You're bound to fall and injure you!
So, till you're well, please use your head--
And "Safety Belt" yourself in bed!

Good News— AMNESIA VICTIM

I've found out who you are at last!
You're someone after all!
'Twas on the label of your suit—
Your name is "Robert Hall"!

TO A PYROMANIAC

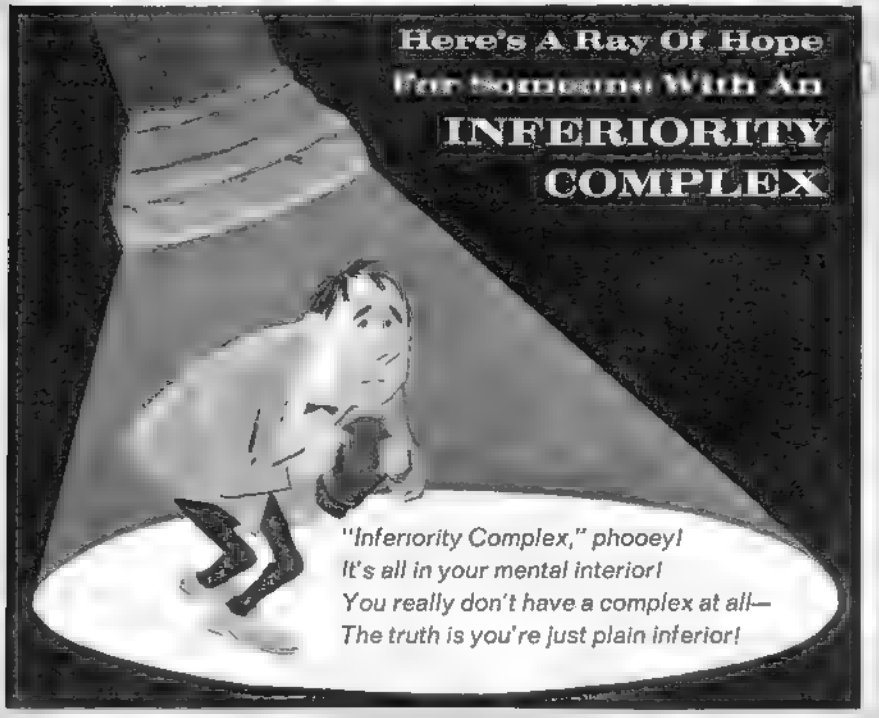
This verse proclaims my heart's desires
To see you cured of starting fires;
But if a firebug you must be,
Then burn this card--while thinking of me!

repulsive "Get-Well" Cards, too? A quick poll of the mentally sick staff here at MAD revealed nothing—as usual—so we decided to go ahead anyhow, and present—

ELL" CARDS

OTIONAL AILMENTS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: PHIL HAHN

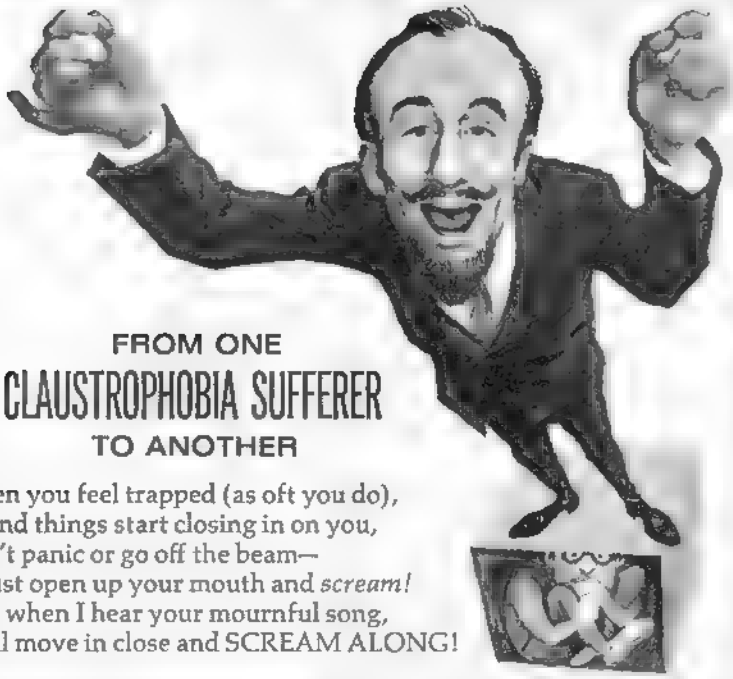


A Qualified Get-Well Wish To A

COMPULSIVE EXHIBITIONIST

From Her Friendly Neighborhood

VOYEUR



FROM ONE

CLAUSTROPHOBIA SUFFERER

TO ANOTHER

When you feel trapped (as oft you do),
And things start closing in on you,
Don't panic or go off the beam—
Just open up your mouth and *scream!*
And when I hear your mournful song,
I'll move in close and SCREAM ALONG!

Your sickness, neighbor, is my boon!
It fits with mine like "June" and "moon."
Yet fair play bids me wish you well;
May you escape your private hell!
But, please, until your problem's gone—
Feed mine—and let the show go on!

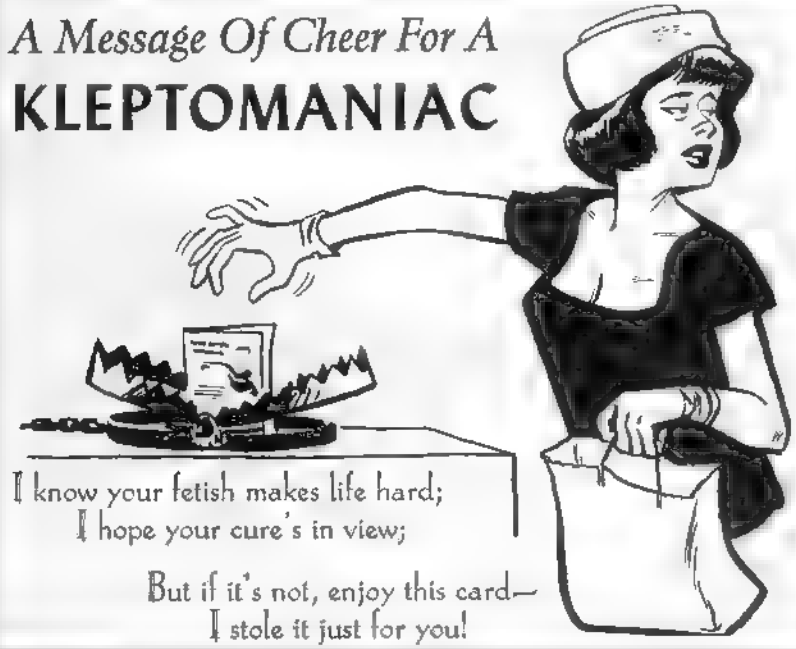
To A SPLIT PERSONALITY

Old pal, you've reached a crucial phase;
Your psyche's split at least 3 ways!
So here's a wish that's more than due:
Full cure for you—and you—and you!

TO A *Narcissist*

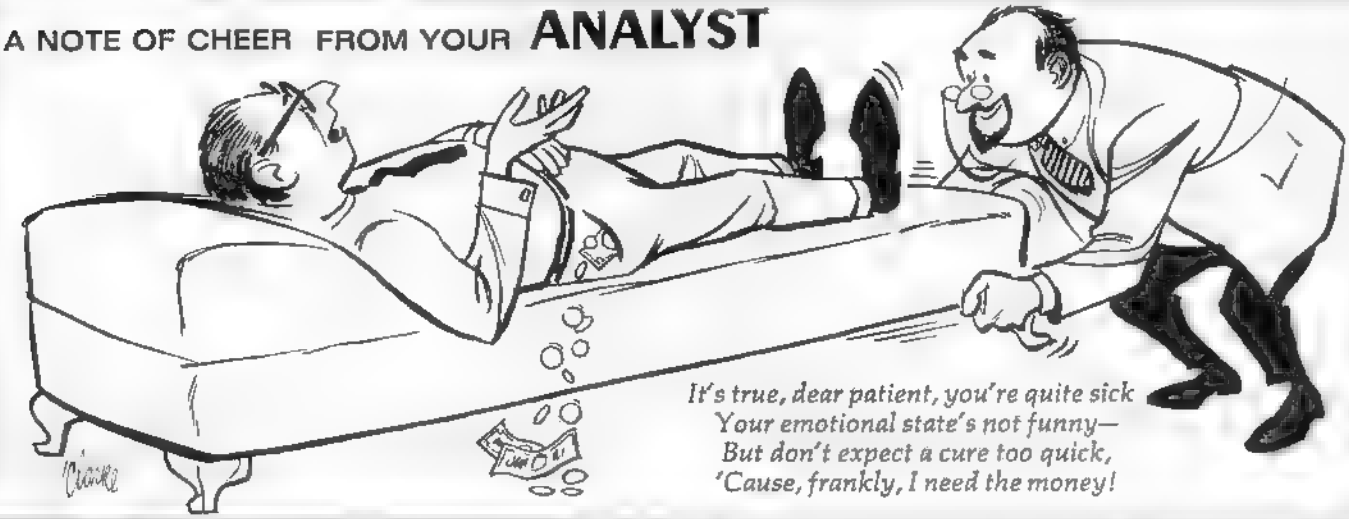
Try Doctor's cots, or Rorschach blots·
If necessary, voodoo;
But please get well—I love you lots—
Almost as much as *you* do!

A Message Of Cheer For A KLEPTOMANIAC



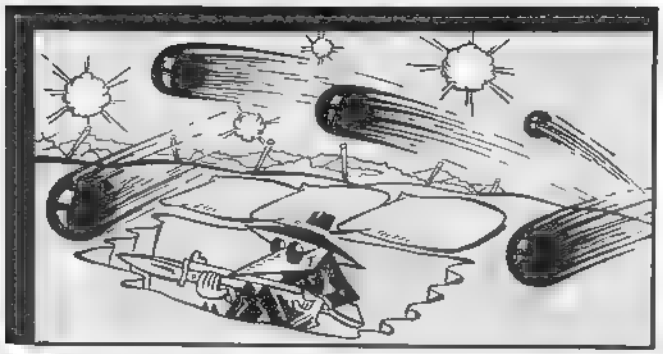
I know your fetish makes life hard;
I hope your cure's in view;
But if it's not, enjoy this card—
I stole it just for you!

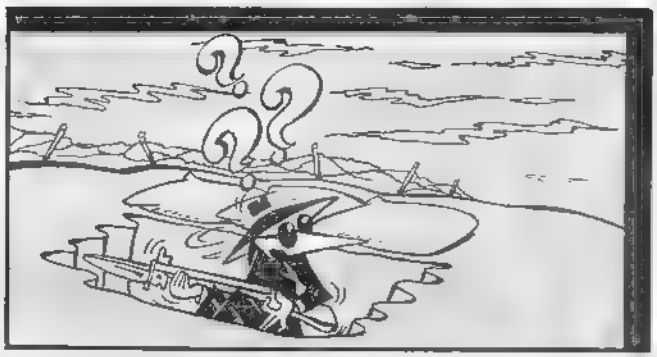
A NOTE OF CHEER FROM YOUR ANALYST

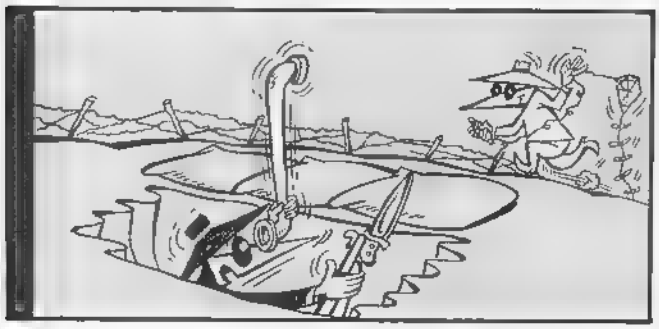


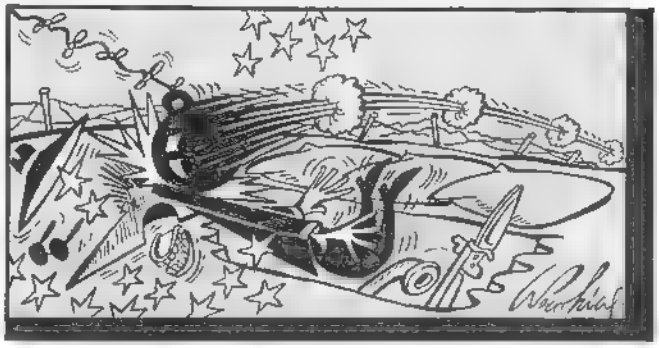
It's true, dear patient, you're quite sick
Your emotional state's not funny—
But don't expect a cure too quick,
'Cause, frankly, I need the money!

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II





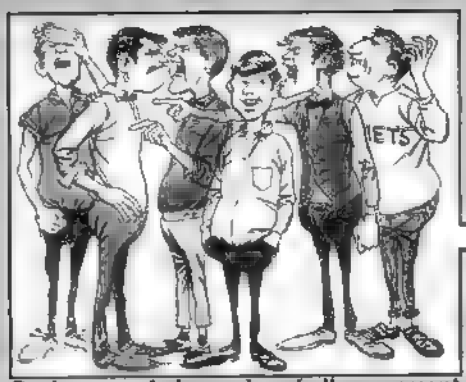




IMPRESS YOUR FRIENDS DEPT.

In Hollywood, civic-minded folks are proud of the celebrities that live in their community. They immortalize them by putting their hand and foot prints in cement outside Grauman's Chinese Theater. But how about ordinary folks who aren't movie

NEIGHBORHOOD



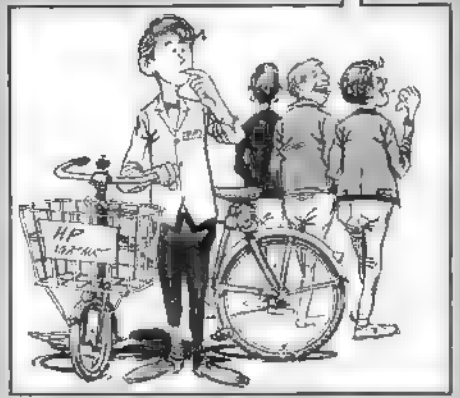
During a six-hour baseball argument with friends, Benny never once said, "Put your money where your mouth is!"

The day that Archie the Window Washer made his big mistake by showing up to wash windows when it wasn't raining.

Mrs. Kreevich completes a "Grand Slam" when she marries off her last daughter and gains her 4th "Doctor-Son-In-Law".

Emma demonstrates the courage of her convictions in the face of adversity by uttering her now immortal opinion: "That Durward Kirby is so talented, he can do almost anything and be great!"

Remarkably lucky, Carl finds parking spot right in front of his house. To take full advantage of his good fortune, Carl hasn't used his car since.



Jimmy becomes first Delivery Boy in history of neighborhood to admit that no beautiful woman ever invited him into her apartment for a drink, etc.

stars, but lead dull humdrum lives veiled in anonymity? They deserve recognition for their accomplishments, tool Therefore we propose that every neighborhood set aside a square of wet cement to record and immortalize the achievements of their

CELEBRITIES

ARTIST:
GEORGE WOODBRIDGE
WRITER:
STAN HART

Fanny becomes neighborhood's first TV star when she appears on a Ban ad and tells the world how much she sweats.

Dr. Knocker celebrates his 25th year as a doctor by finally consenting to make his first night call this date.

Just one of them smart aleck kids in the neighborhood who couldn't keep his lousy fingers out of wet cement.

On this date, Melvin graduated as the only Economics Major the neighborhood ever produced. So far, no neighbor's asked him a question about Economics.

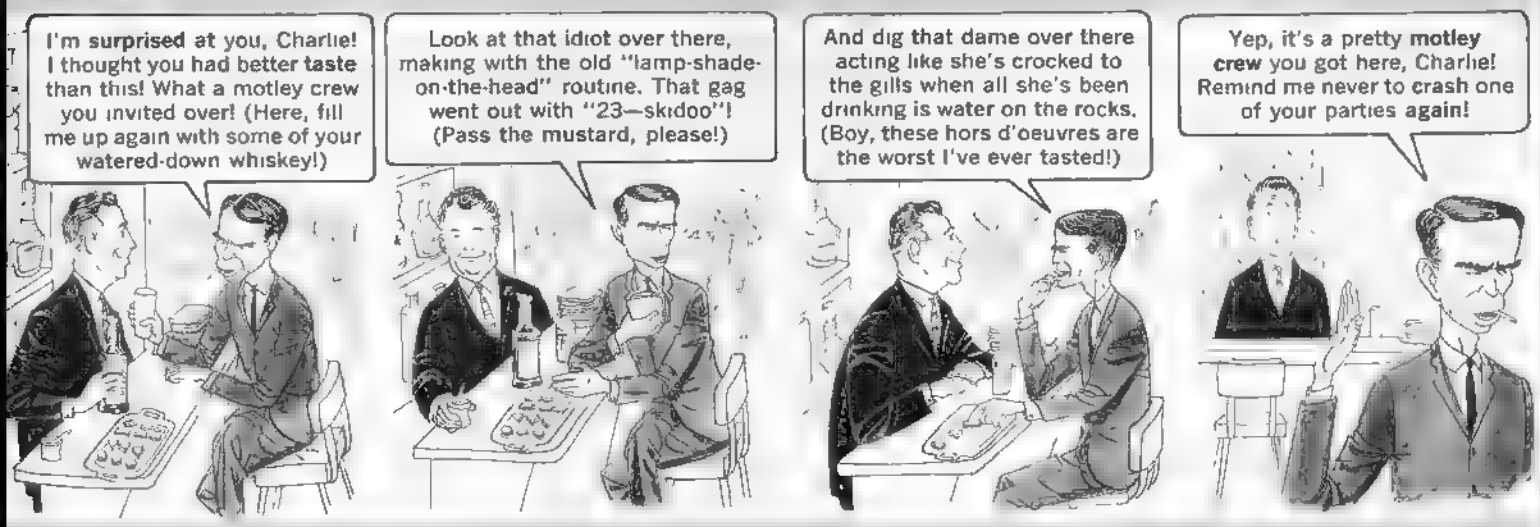
Police Officer Cooley ends a wave of extortion that has been plaguing the neighborhood merchants. Mainly, he is suddenly transferred to another beat.

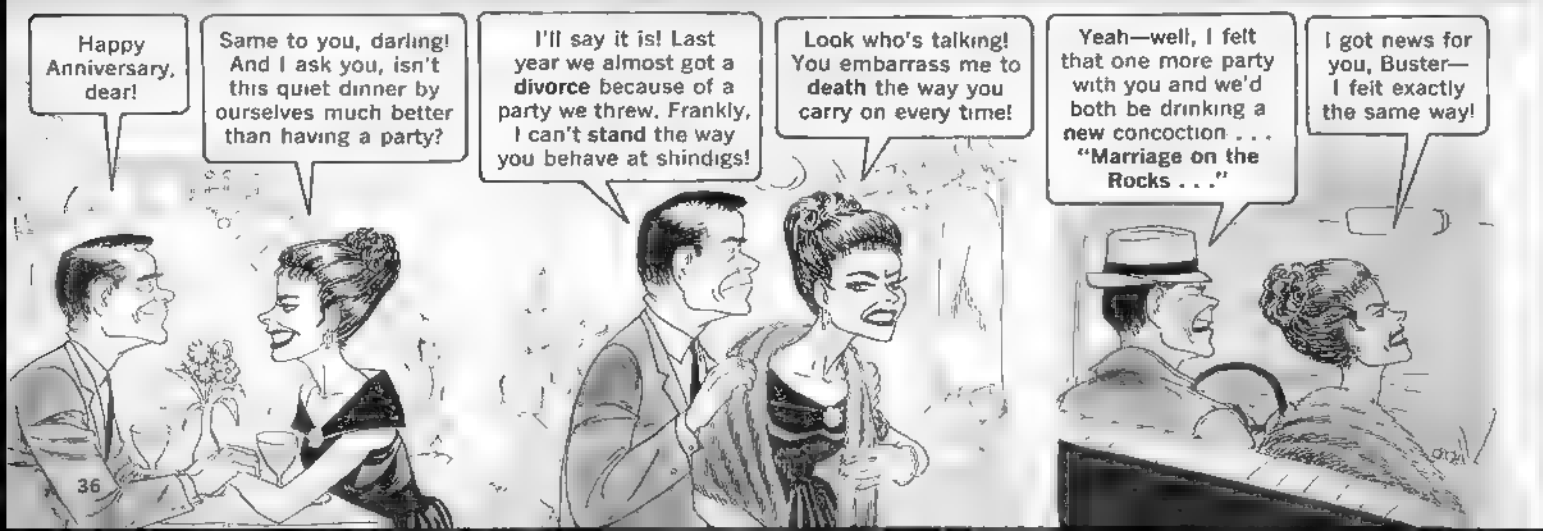
Ed opens new neighborhood diner, but refuses to cheapen the area by naming his place 'Food-o-rama" or "Sandwich City". Instead, he puts up 6-foot red neon sign which simply says "EATS".

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

Here we go with the first of a three-part series on "Parties" — in which we'll also look at "Kids' Parties" and "Teenage Parties." But first, we cover . . . .

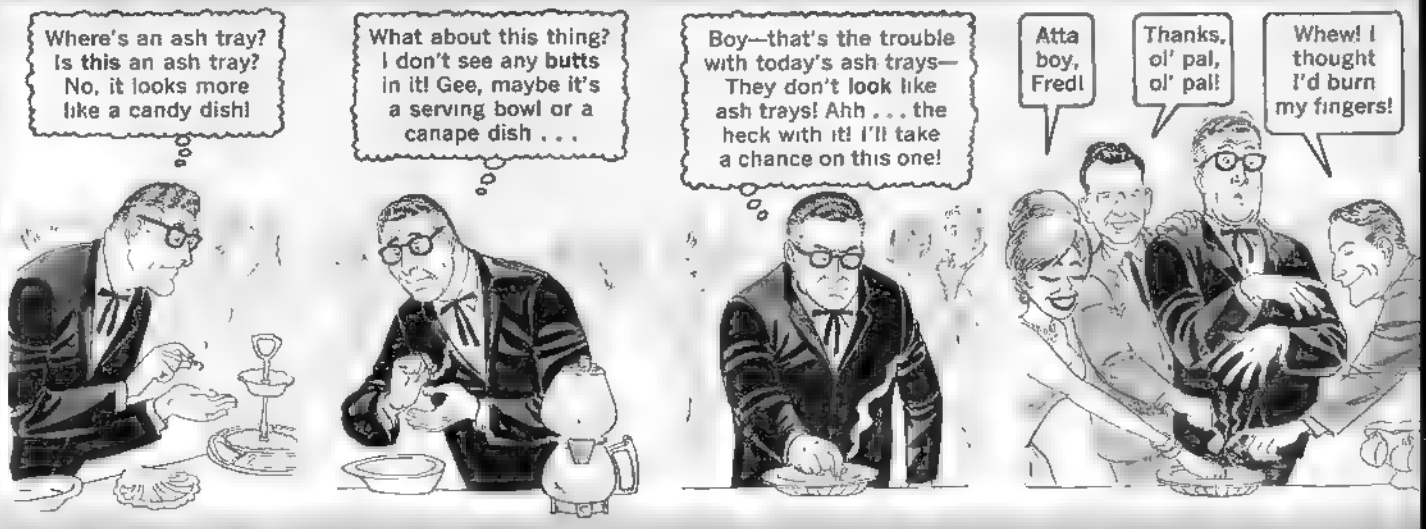
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF





ADULT PARTIES

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



What's this?! I haven't even got my **coat** off—and already I'm involved in some stupid **kids' game** like "Charades"! Now I gotta be polite and play along with it!

First word . . . Me? Er . . . I? Okay, the first word is "I"!

If I knew it was gonna be **this** kind of party, I wouldn't have **come!** Why do adults have to play **party games?** What's the matter with just plain old-fashioned **conversation?**

Second word: Am? Got? Have? The second word is "have"!

Who **needs** this dumb dame! If she's got something to say, why doesn't she come out and **say** it instead of making a complete fool of herself!

Third word. Mouth? Neck . . . ?

. . . **LARYNGITIS** ! !

You **drink** too much!

Yeah, I know! But it helps me to forget my **problem!**

What's your problem?

I **drink** too much!

Just listen to that **wild party** the Ritters are having!

Every screech of laughter means some poor **woman** is being **mauled!**

Imagine all that good **liquor** and **food** being wasted on such a boorish, ill-mannered crowd!

That must be Harry Ginko telling one of his **filthy jokes** again!

Somebody ought to call the cops and **complain!**

It's nothing but a **disgusting, drunken, brawling orgy,** that's what it is!

. . . and I can't understand why they didn't invite **us!!**

Good night everybody! Thank you for coming!

You lecherous dirty old man! I saw you pinch Marcia!

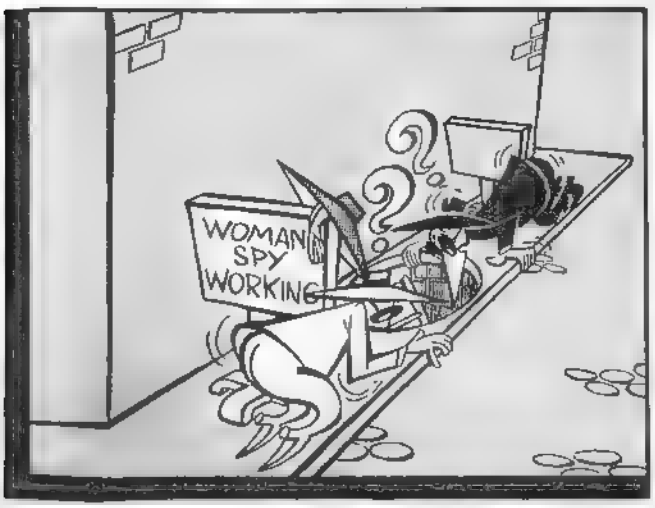
I did no such thing, you suspicious old bag! I never **touched** Marcia! I was flirting with **Rosie** all night!

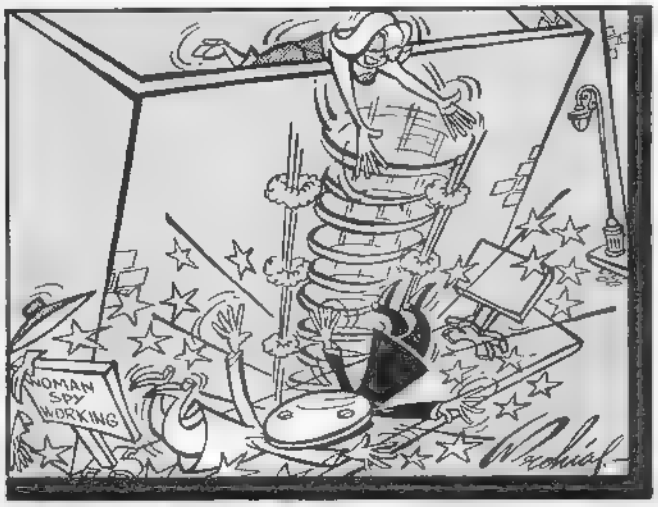
I could have fallen through the **floor** when you told everybody I was thirty-two!

So what did you want me to do—tell 'em the **truth** . . . that you're really thirty-eight!?

Boy—one thing I hate about parties is coming into the bathroom to wash your hands,
. . . and finding the only thing to wipe 'em on are some fancy expensive embroidered guest towels!
Thank goodness this party is over. I couldn't go through with another one like it for a whole year!
But look at all the good food and drinks that are left over. What are we going to do with all that?
Well, tomorrow night we could invite in the Millers and the Reillys and the Finns. They'll help us get rid of the stuff!
And while we're at it, we owe invitations to the Wagners and the Smiths and the Dunns and the Formans. So we might as well make a party of it!
Well . . . that was the shortest year on record!!
Gee, I can't wait to grow up so I can go to "Big People" parties . . .
. . . and act like a kid!!
How many times have I told you—if you can't hold your liquor, don't drink!
Nag! Nag! Nag! All I had was one little Martoony . . . I mean Mortony . . . I mean—er—one little Scotch and Soldier . . .
Bragging, bragging—always bragging! I heard you telling those other dames I ran a Surplus Produce Processing Service . . .
Yeah—well it sounds better than telling 'em you clean cesspools!!
Boy—do you hear what's going on in those cars?
Yes . . . and I'm so happy! It means we had a successful party!

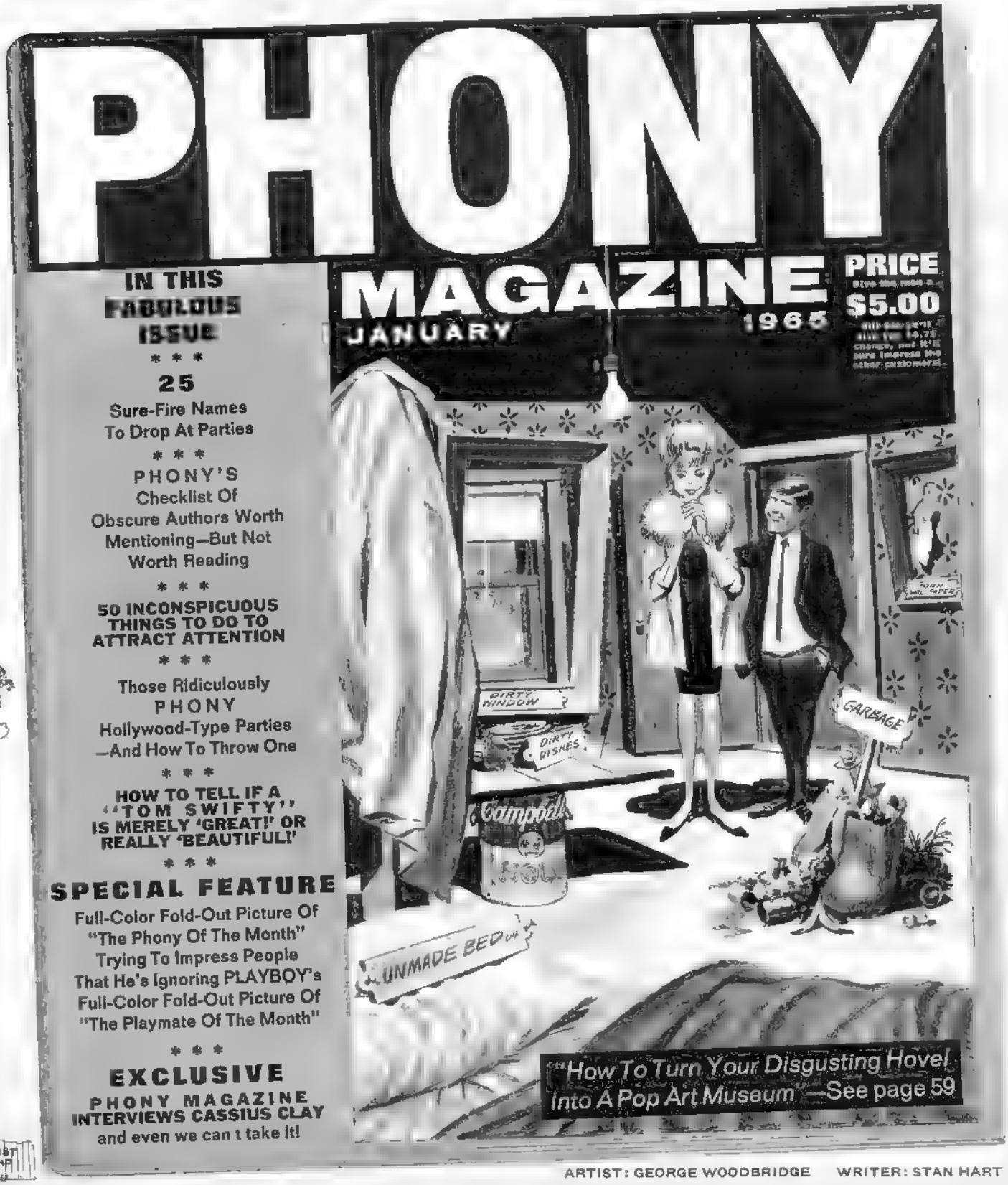
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART III





SHAM-POOH DEPT.

Today is the era of the "Specialized Magazine." For the man who wishes he were the outdoor type, there's "Field & Stream"; for the guy who would love to be a swinging bachelor, there's "Playboy"; for the gal who wants to stay young and alluring, there's "Seventeen." All these magazines have one thing in common: They offer **vicarious wish-fulfillments** to their readers. In other words, they appeal to people who **wish** to be someone they're **not.** (F'rinstance, if you already **were** a swinging bachelor, you wouldn't **have** to read "Playboy." You wouldn't even have **time** for it!) Which brings us to the premise of this here article: Why not put out a magazine to appeal to all the people who are trying desperately to be someone they're not . . . or to put it more earthy, **the phonies?** Here then is the ultimate in "Specialized Magazines"—the one with mass appeal because it hits **everybody** . . .



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: STAN HART

PHONY LABELS

Ten for $1.00

Want a reputation as the "Smartest Dressed Woman" in your group? It's simple and costs so little. Just send **$1.00** to **PHONY**, Box **7**, and we will supply you with 10 labels from exclusive shops like "Balmain," "Givenchy" and "St. Laurent." Sew them inside any old rag and this subtle play will make you a "Fashion Plate." Or — if you feel subtlety is wasted on your group, you can always sew the labels on the **outside** of your clothes!

IT'S NOT WHAT YOU KNOW THAT'S IMPORTANT,

IT'S HOW YOU SAY IT!

Wouldn't you like to be the center of attention at the next party? Does the fact that you dropped out of grade school make you feel inadequate? You can change all that in only six minutes a day with—

PHONY ACCENT LESSONS

Yessiree, it's not *what* you say that's important, it's *how* you say it. With a Phony British Accent, for example, what was once scorned as grossly ignorant opinions becomes words of wisdom. Remember, someone with a British Accent sounds better reading a Phone Book than an American reading the Gettysburg Address!

SEND $5.00 TO "PHONY ACCENT LESSONS," BOX 9

Phonies Around Town

by Lovely Persons

Friends of Doris Dean say she looks absolutely marvelous. Seems she recently dyed her hair silver blue, and now looks like a mature 30-year-old. Since darling Doris is only 18, that's about as "Phony" as you can get . . . Did you see the wonderfully shocked look on Sid Carom's face when he walked into his *"Surprise Party"* last Saturday night? Well, Sid was even more shocked when he suddenly realized that his best pal, Joe Kornblatt, wasn't there. Seems Sid had forgotten to invite him . . . The Rock Rodneys (He's the up-and-coming film star) have decided on a reconciliation. It appears their impending divorce didn't get enough publicity in the press.

* * * * * *

Silly Kid Dept.: Gossip columnist Earl Witless was fired last week for printing an item in his column that he *didn't* make up. If we want facts, Earl, we'll read them in the front pages . . . What's with Mae Ludwig? She was seen in church last Sunday—praying, instead of comparing hats! Just a phase, we hope, Mae... Talk about class, catch Ginny Gan doing her morning shopping at the A & P in her toreador pants, spike heels and mink stole.

* * * * * *

Headscratcher Dept.: What was Phyllis Duncan thinking of when she actually looked at her partner while dancing a Cha-Cha? . . . Rita Martin gets our vote for the "Hostess-With-The-Mostess." She had 18 people for a 12 course dinner last Thursday, and told them, "Oh, it's just something I whipped up!" Stu Betts wins admiring glances from his fellow passengers whenever he flies jet. As the plane takes off, he always pretends he's napping instead of praying . . . Talk about "chic"! For three straight weeks, Pauline Fields has had a token representative from a different minority group at her Friday night parties.

* * * * * *

Starting Young Dept.: Hats off to the gang of 12-year-olds of the Yonkers Bears Little League Team who lost 110-0 and then gave a team cheer for their opponents after the game instead of hating their guts . . . Kudos for funeral director Fred Graham, whose observation, "He died so young!" comforted the family at the funeral of 95-year-old Asa Kreevich last week . . . Phil Lorn has left his position as "Communications Specialist" (messenger boy) for a post as "Information Promulgator" (messenger boy).

* * * * * *

Best Laid Plans, Etc. Dept.: Starlet Vivian Smooch was frustrated in her attempt to sneak out of New York unnoticed. Seems her helicopter developed engine trouble and was unable to take off from Times Square during the Rush Hour . . . Debbie Fleischer has put an end to the rumor that she'll star in a Broadway play this fall. She stopped spreading it . . . Dolph Colon, the movie censor, has decided to ban "Pasta La Vita", the new Italian film import. "After seeing it 11 times, I feel that it is pornographic and offensive to decent people," Dolph told me in an exclusive interview. "But I want to see it 5 or 6 more times to make *sure!*"

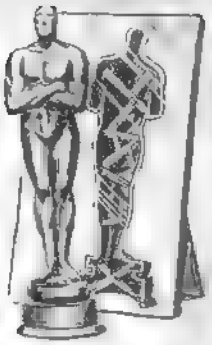
* * * * * *

An inspiration to phony tots everywhere is the 6-year-old who told Macy's Department Store Santa Claus, "All I want for Christmas is World Peace and good health for my family!"... Hats off to filmland phony, Steve Ripple, who says he would gladly scrap his new $250,000 movie contract to do a worthwhile Off-Broadway Show. Atta boy, Steve . . . And now, in the sincere and immortal words of Red Skelton, after he has finished a bad taste TV sketch—"Thanks for inviting me into your living room, good-night and God bless . . ."

Arthur Glusky

THE PHONY
OF THE MONTH

PHONY MAGAZINE follows Arthur Glusky, winner of "The Phony Of The Month" Award, through a typical day in his phony life.



"Phony Of The Month" Award

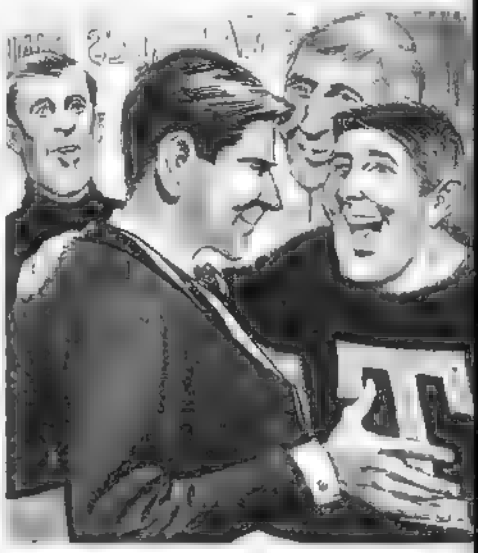
Arthur starts his day off right with a phrase like, "You're beautiful! You're a beautiful guy!"—said to the mirror.

At work, he walks past the secretary, saying loud enough for all to hear, "Hold all calls, Miss Smerch!" before Miss Smerch can say, "Arthur, will you stop walking through the Boss's office to get to your job in the mailroom?"

At lunchtime, Arthur quickly gobbles the egg salad sandwiches his mother's made for him. Then he leaves the stockroom and spends the remaining 50 minutes in front of a fancy restaurant, casually picking his teeth. Naturally, people who pass think he ate in *there*.

On the way home, Arthur hides behind his paper and plays "The Rush Hour Game" or "If I don't see you, Old Lady, you're really not there!" But, 3 stops before his, Arthur lowers his paper, spots the old lady, and gives her his seat. Then, he promptly gets lost in the crowd and gets off unnoticed ... a real fine boy.

That night, when Arthur calls for his date, he immediately ingratiates himself with the girl's parents — telling the girl's mother, "I can see where Irene gets her good looks!" . . . this after having just finished telling the exact same thing to the girl's father.



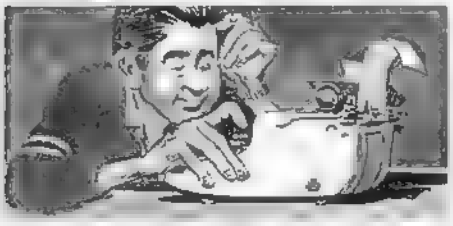
After Arthur strikes out with his date, he meets the boys at the Diner. When they ask what happened, he grins while replying, "Hold on, fellas — don't ask for details! There's a reputation at stake here!" Mainly *his*, if they found out that absolutely nothing happened.

HOW BIG A PHONY ARE YOU?

TEST YOURSELF WITH THIS "PHONY QUIZ", AND SEE HOW YOU RATE. SCORE 10 POINTS FOR EACH CORRECT ANSWER

0-20 You are a real, down-to-earth, sincere, honest failure.
20-40 Promising, but your faith in phoniness needs strengthening.
40-60 You're a sweetie-beauty phony through and through, baby!

(1) When you are in a French Restaurant for the first time and you can't read the menu, you should **A.** Ask the waiter to translate, **B.** Order something and hope for the best, or **C.** Tell the waiter, "I'll leave it up to you, Pierre—you always know what I like!"



(2) If you are chosen as the Editor of the Class Yearbook, you should dedicate it to **A.** Some famous alumnus of your school, **B.** The outstanding member of your class, or **C.** The teacher who is about to flunk you in a tough subject.

(3) When you are at a wedding of people you actually hardly even know, you should say **A.** "Which one is Sandra and which one is Melvin?", **B.** "I really don't know either one of them!"—or **C.** "That marriage was made in heaven—they're two great kids!"

(4) When you take a date to a Modern Art Museum, you should say, "These paintings are **A.** Idiotic!", **B.** Far beyond my understanding!" or **C.** Hmmm—Interesting, very interesting!"

(5) When you have no date on a Saturday night, you should **A.** Go to the movies with your best girlfriend, **B.** Go to the movies with your mother, or **C.** Go with either one . . . only talk loudly during the show about how your career leaves you absolutely no time for any kind of social life.

(6) While vacationing at a fancy Resort Hotel, you should **A.** Try to make friends, **B.** Enjoy all of the hotel facilities, or **C.** Have yourself paged every half hour.

We're not bothering to publish the correct answers since a true Phony would cheat anyhow!

Get Those Trouble-Makers Out Of Hollywood!

This Month's PHONY EDITORIAL

Just as that fearless journalist Emile Zola felt compelled to restore the reputation of Capt. Dreyfus, so your Editor feels compelled to protect the image of that land we phonies love so dearly . . . Hollywood. For years, we have looked for inspiration to the movie folk who have contributed so much toward making "Phonyism"a way of life. Yet there are those among them who would destroy this gilt and lamé edifice of Phonydom. This attack on Hollywood is subtle, but make no mistake—this attack is in deadly earnest. J'accuse—MR. & MRS. FREDRIC MARCH!

* * * * *

Recently, a newspaper reported that the Marches have been happily married for 30 years! What's the meaning of this? Is this any way for a movie actor's name to appear in print—involved in a normal, happy marriage? This is an out-and-out betrayal of the Phony Hollywood Way Of Life—and to make it even worse, it comes from an Academy Award Winner!!

Let us further examine how Mr. March is defacing the hard-won Hollywood image: First, there is no record in any column, news story or fan mag that the Marches have ever considered a divorce! No one has ever seen them quarrel in public! Now what kind of Hollywood people are these? And what's more, Mr. March always displays humility and even sincerity when being interviewed! He has never once hit a photographer or reporter! He has never once had a fist fight in a night club! He has never once walked off a movie set in a fit of rage! And the home-life of the Marches is even worse—a positive insult to the Hollywood mentality! They've never had a single wild party! Some of their friends are actually not in show biz! They never plot against other stars or even start ugly rumors about them!

It all adds up to a scathing indictment of these two irresponsible people who are single-handedly destroying the image built by such Hollywood greats as Fatty Arbuckle and Errol Flynn. Let's keep Hollywood the Paradise of Phonies we love so well! Let's give our Stars, Starlets, Directors and Producers the freedom to be the phonies we've come to respect and admire. People like Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March are a menace!

We won't be happy until we've seen the first sly innuendo or unfounded item about them in some gossip column.

PHONY'S NEWS PHOTOS

Candid Studies Of "Phoniness" From The Newsfronts Around The World

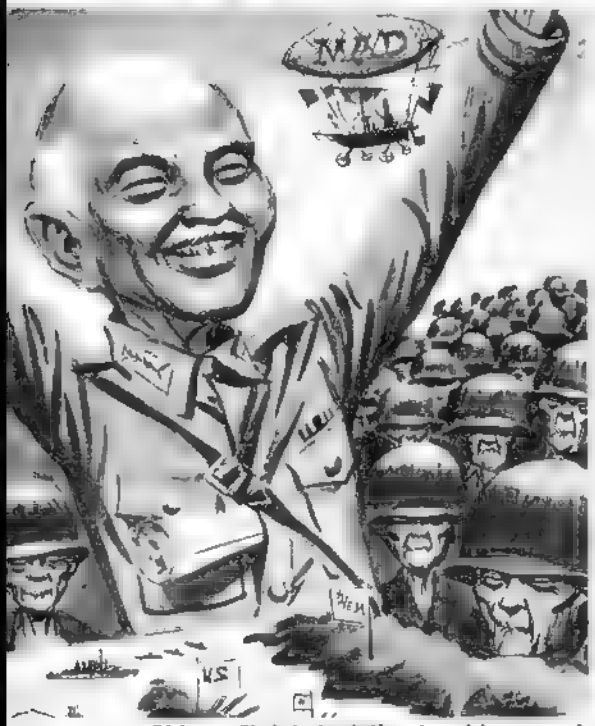
NEW MISS AMERICA CROWNED

Laura Lee Lutz, the new "Miss America", shown here being congratulated by Sarah Sue Svelt, the girl she defeated for the title. "I really don't deserve this. There were much prettier girls," said Miss America. "She deserved it. I'm glad she won. She's a great kid," said the runner-up.

DEAN OF MEDICAL SCHOOL LECTURES A M A CONVENTION

Dr. Michael Smith, Dean of Yarvard Medical School, as he delivered his lecture, "America's Crying Need For More Doctors." Dr. Smith had to cut his speech short in order to return to Yarvard for a meeting to set their religious quotas for the coming term.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK DELIVERS ANNUAL MESSAGE TO TROOPS



Chiang Kai-shek delivering his annual morale message to his troops. "We will return to the Chinese mainland, and we will destroy the Reds!" Chiang promised his troops for the 19th straight year.

SENATOR GOLDWATER EXPLAINS VIEWS ON POVERTY

Senator Barry Goldwater as he explained his views on poverty at a Press Interview recently. "It's the individual's fault if he's poor," stated the Senator. "All you need to be successful is ambition and initiative!" The remarks were made before the multi-million dollar Department Store started by his grandfather years ago, and inherited by Sen. Goldwater.

THE INQUIRING PHONY PHOTOGRAPHER

This Month's Question:

"What Do You Like Most About Your Work?"

RICHARD CARVER
New York City, N.Y.

I love the salesmanship involved in my work, and the pleasure I get from giving people the old soft soap and playing on their weaknesses. But nothing compares to the big thrill I get when I finally persuade some confused person to take something they really don't need. Yes, that's what I love best about being a fashionable Park Avenue Surgeon.

LEFTY GORKIN
Detroit, Michigan

It's the feeling of being a kid again. When you belt one out of the park or make a difficult running one-handed catch—that's living! Yes, I really love baseball, and I just can't wait until my team comes across with that one hundred thousand dollar contract that I am holding out for, so I can report to the training camp in Miami Beach.

KIM ZOFTIC
Hollywood, California

I adore my position as a "Starlet." Every night, I go to some fabulous party, meet terribly exciting people and have a ball. They say I have a wonderful future ahead of me. I just hope the studio doesn't get any idiotic ideas—like putting me into a movie. Golly, that would just about ruin my whole career.

Dear Sweetie

ADVICE TO THE PHONIES

by Sweetie Claghorn,
Phony Editor,
—and a Beautiful
Human Being

Dear Sweetie:

I'm tired of having the "right kind of job" and wearing the "right kind of Ivy League clothes" and being seen in the "right kind of places"! In other words, I'm sick of being a "Phony Conformist"! What can I do?

E.G.

Dear E.G.:

I suggest you quit your job and buy yourself some dungarees and start being seen in Greenwich Village Coffee Houses. In other words, you can become a "Phony NON-Conformist"!

Dear Sweetie:

Whenever I see an Ingmar Bergman movie, I never know what's going on. Afterwards, all my friends analyze and discuss it, but when they ask for my opinion, I just stand there looking like an idiot. Help me!

M.O.

Dear M.O.:

Next time they ask, look misty-eyed, sigh and say, "It was such a deep, meaningful, personal experience that I'd rather not discuss it!"

Dear Sweetie:

I have a problem. I am the mother of an 18 year old girl, and I've given her all the better things in life—a mink stole, a red M.G., charge accounts and vacations in Miami Beach. But no matter how hard I try, she persists in wasting hour after hour studying, she is an honor student, and she wants to become a teacher. Where have I failed her as a Mother?

Mrs. A.B.

Dear Mrs. A.B.:

Don't blame yourself. You did the best you could, and that's all that counts. If she wants to ruin her life, let her.

Dear Sweetie:

When is it proper to shake with the right hand, and when is it proper to shake—Hollywood Style—with the left hand?

R.Z.

Dear R.Z.:

Although the left hand shake is the traditional phony greeting, you are mistaken in calling it the "Hollywood Style." The Hollywood Style Greeting—for friends and total strangers alike—is a hug and a kiss.

Dear Sweetie:

Last week, I took a date to a fancy restaurant. When the check came, I pulled out a huge roll of bills, peeled off a fifty and paid it. She's refused to go out with me since. Do you think I was too obvious in trying to impress her?

N.M.

Dear N.M.:

The trouble is—you didn't impress her at all. Anyone who pays cash in a restaurant must be on the verge of bankruptcy. When you take out your next date, use a credit card.

Dear Sweetie:

Your column irritates me. Why should people want to be phonies? They should be real and honest—like me. I don't want to be something I'm not. Nor do I desire things I cannot have. I have found true happiness in my wife and 8 kids, and great satisfaction in my job as a simple Janitor.

W.L.

Dear W.L.:

I admire you very much. Your argument shows that you are one of the biggest phonies who ever wrote to us. Congrats!

Dear Sweetie:

I am engaged to a boy who is a phony through-and-through. I can't believe a word he tells me, and his promises are worthless. What should I do?

P.L.

Dear P.L.:

Marry the boy immediately! He has the makings of a great Business Executive!

DON MARTIN DEPT. III

A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY

MISHAP-PY HOLIDAY DEPT. PART II

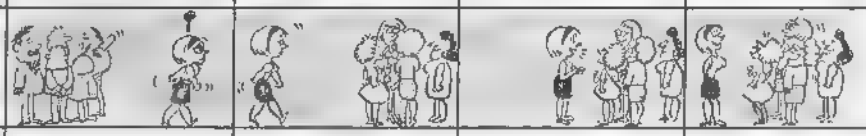
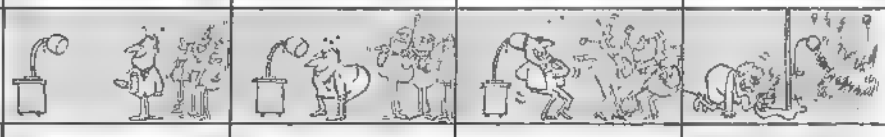
Here we go with our answer to the National Safety Council's predictions of how many people will be involved in what type major catastrophes. Mainly—

THE MAD SAFETY COUNCIL'S PREDICTIONS

For The Upcoming New Year's Weekend

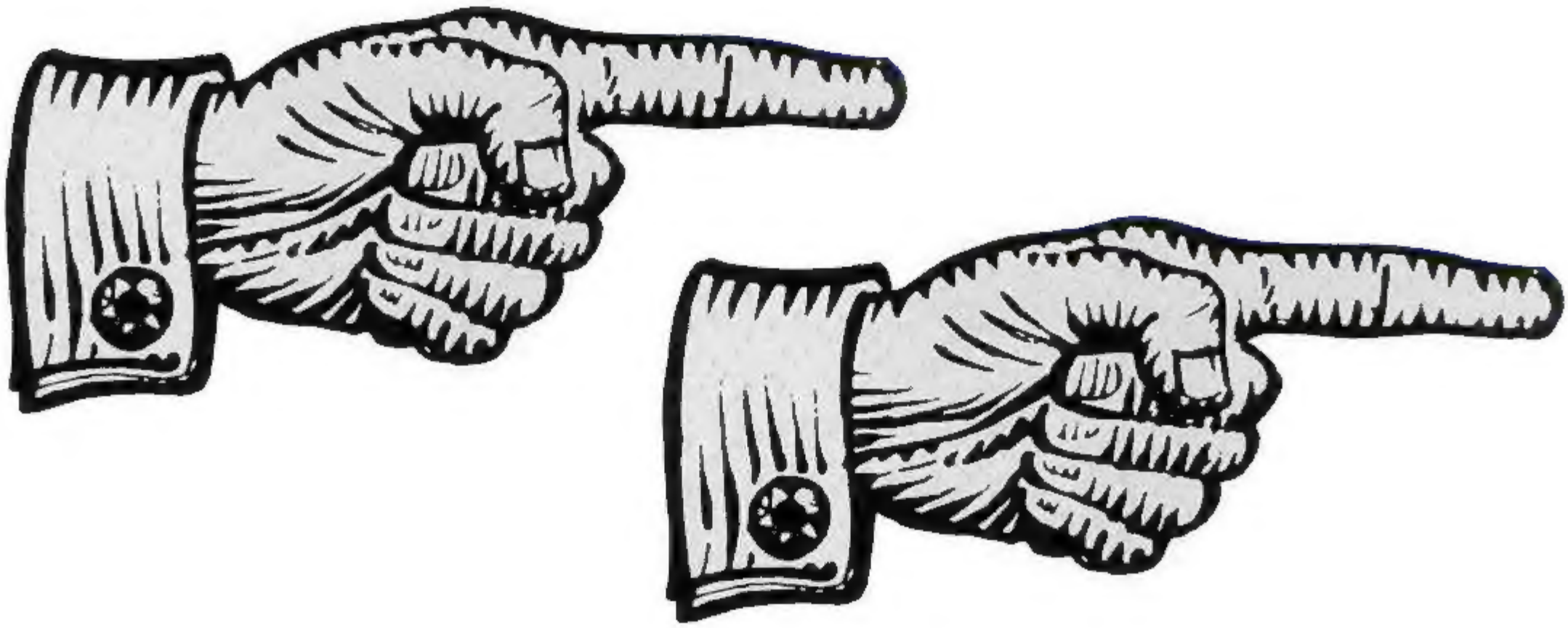
(How many people will be involved in what-type minor Catastrophes)

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES WRITER: STAN HART

PREDICTION	1,700,000	1,800,000	1,900,000	2,000,000	2,100,000
Teenage party-givers who will want to die because their parents insist on "joining in the fun."					
Girls who will be shocked to discover that the wild party planned by their boyfriend is actually at their house.					
Boys who will be frustrated to learn that the phrase, "Aw, c'mon, it's New Year's Eve!" doesn't get them any further than any other night.					
Old people who will be moved when Guy Lombardo plays "Auld Lang Syne" on TV					
Young people who will be moved when Guy Lombardo plays "Auld Lang Syne," on TV.					
Men who will go crazy trying to figure out a Night Club bill for a party of 24 people.					
Women who will suddenly faint when they hear an off-color joke at a New Year's Eve party.					
Women who will become hysterical when they hear the same off-color joke from the woman who made believe she fainted.					
Husbands at parties who will put a lampshade on their head while the plug is still in the socket.					
Humiliated wives at parties who will be arrested for electrocuting husbands who put lampshades on their head.					
Boys who will be lonely because they "had the nerve" to ask a girl to a party at the last minute.					
Girls who will be lonely because a boy "had the nerve" to ask them to a party at the last minute.					

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



Artist and Writer: Al Jaffee

THIS ISSUE'S ECONOMY-MINDED, BLACK-AND-WHITE, ONE PAGE

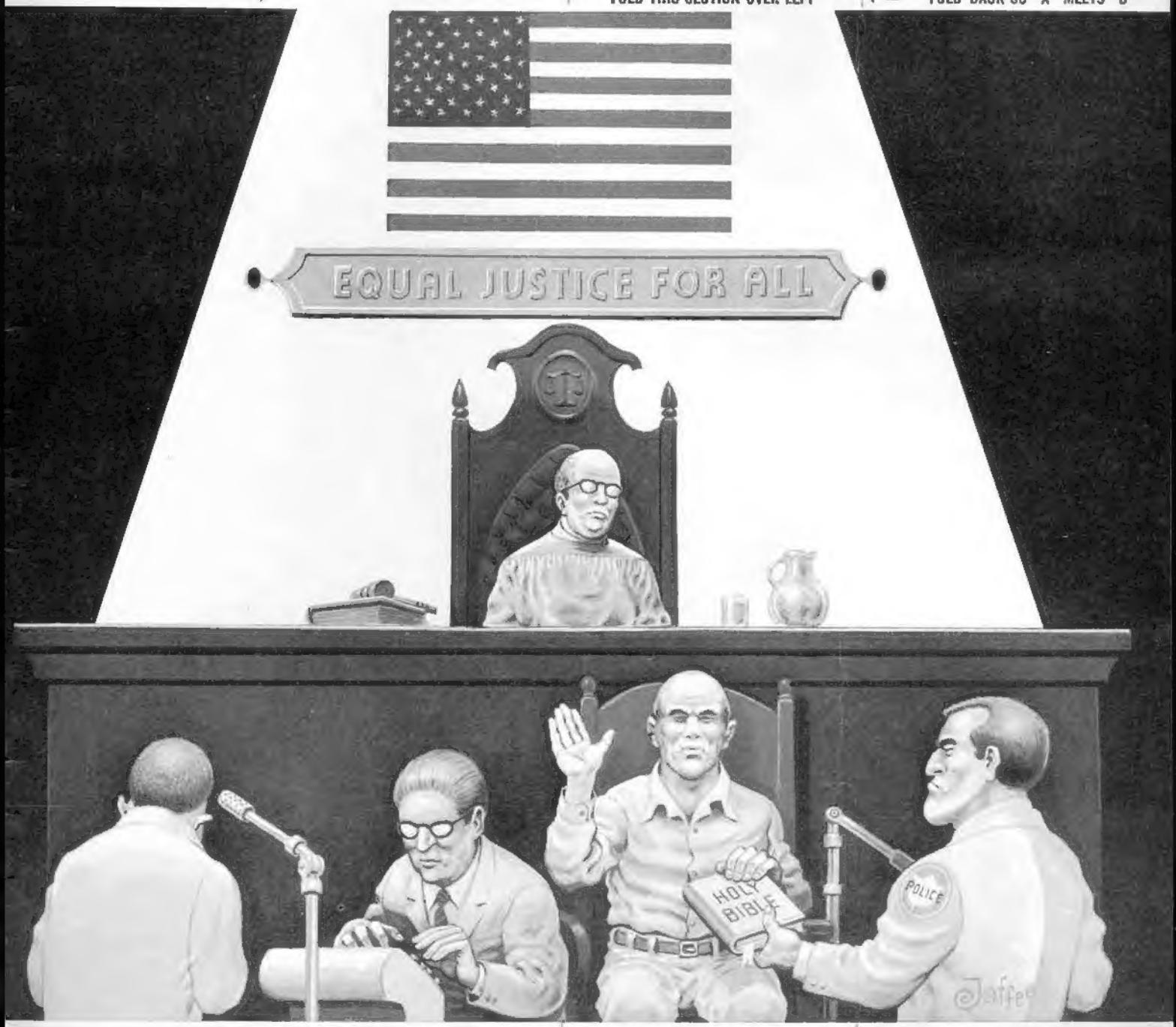
MAD FOLD-IN

FOLD IN PAGE LIKE THIS

The United States spends billions of dollars annually, trying to show the emerging nations of the world why Democracy is superior to Communism. But many Americans are wondering just how effective all this propaganda is. Fold page in as shown, and discover . . .

THE IMAGE OF U.S. JUSTICE THAT THE REST OF THE WORLD SEES

A ▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



THE TRUE HEART OF DEMOCRACY IS EQUAL JUSTICE FOR ALL. THE REST OF THE WORLD'S EMERGING NATIONS—PEOPLE OF ALL RACES—YEARN FOR THIS IDEA OF REAL FREEDOM, AND LOOK FOR INSPIRATION TO THIS PICTURE OF U.S. LAW

THIS ISSUE'S E

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The United Sta
show the emerg
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FOLD IN PAGE LIKE THIS

THE IM
THAT RLD SEES

A B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

THE REST OF
THE WORLD'S IDEA OF
REAL U.S. LAW

I JUST PUT A GAS STATION ATTENDANT IN MY TANK!

MAINLY BECAUSE I GOT SICK AND TIRED OF BEING EXPLOITED!

1 First there was that idiotic Tiger on all them boxes of Sugar Frosted Flakes—used by

Kellogg's

2 Then came them ads for those Tiger paw tires on Pontiac's GTO Tiger to sell you

U.S.Royals

3 Then there's that ridiculous broad lying all over the Tiger skin on TV for

'TOP BRASS'

4 And finally there's this stupid idea of putting a Tiger in your car's tank by using

HUMBLE Esso

WELL, THAT'S THE LAST STRAW! HONESTLY, I'M JUST FED UP WITH MADISON AVENUE'S PREOCCUPATION WITH TIGERS! NOW, MAYBE THEY'LL THINK TWICE BEFORE THEY COME OUT WITH ANOTHER ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN FEATURING ME!